
THE
LADIES'
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

OCTOBER, 1826.

MARIE DE RABUTIN, MARQUISSE DE SEVIGNE.

THE rank which women should occupy in the world has long been matter of controversy among men. Whilst some have determined that "woman's noblest station is retreat," others have been found anxious to obtain for her a larger theatre than home for exertion, and a wider range of duty than those of a merely domestic nature. Our opinion is of a middle kind; we would not repress the aspirings of a bold genius, nor chain down to the mere routine of family engagements the cultivated mind, and the brilliant intellect. Far from us be such injustice to woman, such injury to man. Yet, on the other hand, we would not destroy the modesty and delicacy of the female character; we would not tarnish her glory, nor obscure her worth, by an indiscriminate mixture with all the folly, insincerity, and duplicity of the world. In herself she is all lovely; formed to command, and worthy to receive, the homage of man; but we much fear that familiarity with the world, its employments, and its concerns, would sully the purity of her principles, and destroy that delicacy of mind which is at once her protection and her glory. Some may think that we are envious and jealous of woman's capabilities: far from it, we would cultivate them to the greatest perfection possible; we would throw open to her the gate of science, and allure her to be man's companion in the flowery paths of learning and knowledge. But having done this, the question would yet remain undecided as to the uses of her acquirements. We would not send her to head armies, to mingle in the strife of politics, to detect the intrigues of courts, to counteract the schemes of wily politicians, to expound the sophistries of law,

or to administer the impartialities of justice. We would destine her to a theatre of exertion infinitely more contracted, yet certainly more appropriate. She should adorn our home, and be the ark of man's comfort, respectability, and happiness. Here are her appropriate duties, her peculiar province, and her most imperishable glories. Such has been the opinion of the wise and good. It must, however, be admitted, that, occasionally, characters arise, who move in an eccentric orbit; and who, leaving the more peculiar sphere of their sexual duties, mark out for themselves a track before unknown and untraversed; and by the boldness and brilliancy of their course astonish, if they do not conciliate, the opinions of mankind. Such was the lady whose portrait adorns our present number; and of whom we now proceed to offer a few authentic particulars to the attention of our readers. Marie de Rabutin de Chantell was born on the 5th of February, 1626. The first ten years of her life were passed under the immediate care and inspection of her mother; but at the very time when a mother's guardianship and protection were of the most consequence, she was doomed to experience this irreparable loss. For some time after her mother's decease, her maternal grandfather succeeded to the care of her education; and, after him, her uncle. To both these able, kind, and indefatigable preceptors Marie stood indebted for the cultivation and right direction of her talents, and for that love of knowledge by which she was ever after distinguished.

Little of her early history is known: her life was passed in retirement and study.—At eighteen years of age, she married Henry, Marquis of Sevigne; a nobleman whose family was distinguished by its antiquity, wealth, and rank; the then Archbishop of Paris being a near relation of the Marquis's, whose family had long resided in Brittany, exercising considerable power, and enjoying very extended influence. The Marquis, unlike many of his fellow nobles, was immensely rich, nor was his bride poor. The Countess inherited a fortune of £5,000, a large sum in those days, and in that country. She, however, was a wife but for six years, the marquis having fallen in a duel. It is recorded that she did not enjoy a large share of conjugal happiness; but that, content with the comforts of private life and the society of her children, she avoided the envy and the cares of a closer intimacy with courts and courtiers: yet we

do not wonder that her grief at her husband's *unfortunate* death was both sincere and profound. Her uncle, the Abbe de Coulanges, did all that sympathy and affection could suggest to assuage the bitterness of her sorrow, and to soothe into meek submission the tumult and agony of a widow's heart. She was now the mother of two lovely children, and in devoted attention to their education, she sought to bury her deep affliction. She lived retired; was economical in her establishment and expenditure; cultivated her own estates, and became practically skilled in the management of a farm. Such was her life during the first four years of her widowhood.

In 1654, the scene was changed; and we now find her the life and centre of attraction to the gay circles of the French metropolis. Her wit, her talents, her beauty, brought her many admirers, and much flattery. Pleased at the homage offered to her, she was ever surrounded by brilliant circles, and fashionable noblesse; whilst young men of rank and fortune were her constant suitors, and attendants. Among many whom the world talked of as favoured gallants, the Prince de Conti was supposed the most likely to lead her a second time to the hymenial altar. The marriage of the Prince soon after disappointed all her bright hopes, and dispelled the delusions of a too sanguine heart. The tongue of scandal, however, spread a variety of reports injurious to the character of the Marquise, but their truth has never been confirmed.

It is certain that in the first few years of her widowhood she had many offers of marriage, to all of which she gave a decided refusal. Her former marriage did not fulfil her own expectations of the felicity of the married life.—As a widow, rich, courted, and ennobled, she was free; her wealth was great: her attachment to her children, strong; her devotion to their improvement, unremitting and exemplary. Surrounded by a circle of friends, lovers of literature, themselves accomplished, she spent her time in cultivating their esteem, and in discharging the duties of a mother to her two lovely children. Thus situated she rejected every offer of marriage; determined to reign in the circles of fashion and letters, rather than to return to the unostentatious duties and engagements of life. The Marquise, however, was exposed to many troubles, from which a life of retirement would have entirely exempted her. Her reputation was perpetually attacked, and she was even the object

of unkind remark, and malevolent, if not unfounded, aspersion. Our introductory remarks, must, we think, find abundant attestation to their truth in this lady's history. In private life she might have been happy; certainly, estimable. Anxious to shine in public life, her character suffered, her reputation was attacked, and her mind ever disturbed. In the pursuit of admiration she made shipwreck of happiness; and became the object of envy to all but herself.

Whoever considers the character of the French court in the reign of Louis XIV. will immediately perceive how fatal must its lax morality have been to the virtue of a female heart. It is said, that the marquise, disgusted with its intrigues and its insincerity, and satiated with its pleasures, would have withdrawn from it, had she not been induced to continue in it from a desire to give her daughter an introduction into life. How inconsistent are mankind! what slaves to fashion, custom, and love of distinction! the marquise had tasted, and had grown sick of the vanities of a court, and yet she must introduce her daughter within its baleful influence, only that she might contract brilliant alliances, even at the expence of honour and happiness.

Her son was now arrived at manhood; and for him his mother purchased a commission in the French service. The daughter was, about the same time, married to the Count de Grignan, to whom she brought a large portion. The Count being Deputy Governor of Provence, under the Duke de Vendome, her daughter removed soon after her marriage from Paris to the seat of her husband's command. This separation was of the most painful nature; it was to the mother a worse than second widowhood. Attached with more than parental fondness to her child, she felt her removal to Provence as a most insupportable calamity. To relieve herself under this cruel separation, she commenced that series of letters by which she has become known and distinguished in the annals of literature. In this respect her misfortunes have been the world's gain. From this time her history may be found in her letters. In them she describes her various voyages and journies; her alternate hopes and fears, anxieties and pleasures. In them we have a narrative of her son's marriage, and of the painful reverse of fortune which her daughter subsequently experienced. Her letters are certainly models of epistolary correspondence.

A vivacity and ease of manner; a knowledge of the world, a discrimination of character, a justness of sentiment, and a playfulness of wit, pervade them. They have been compared to those of Cicero and of Cornelia. Without assenting to the extravagance of such commendation, we may pronounce them to be specimens of correct and elegant composition. Like those of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, they evince powers of mind and a felicity of style, rarely equalled.

When upwards of fifty-two years of age she retained all the fervour, animation, conversational powers, and beauty of her youth; nor was the following couplet too high a compliment to the object of their praise, even at this advanced age—

Et toujours fraîche et toujours blonde,
Vous vous maintenez par le monde.

At sixty, she was yet young: her personal charms scarcely dimmed, her wit in the very zenith of its brilliancy.—Little worthy of special record remains now to be told concerning her. The subject of constant anxiety and fatigue, her sun was now about to go down for ever. It had run its appointed course; and sinking below the horizon, no cloud gave notice of its decline; but, all at once, it set: the darkness of the grave terminating its brilliant course, and arresting its further progress.

Such was the life of the Marquise de Sevigne. Formed by nature to be the glory of her sex, but the victim of a false ambition, she thus closed a career of mingled pleasure and misfortune, leaving to her own sex her life as an example that the path of human felicity is not to be found in the precincts of a court; and that the splendours of a royal circle, are too dearly purchased by the experience of its cares, and by the sacrifice of inward peace and conscience.

D. D.

THE WISH.

LET wealth, let fame, those dazzling gifts of fate,
Bless all the wayward sons of pomp and state;
Be mine the riches of a soul refined,
The heart benevolent, the spotless mind,
To heaven's unerring will, in humble hope resigned!

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SCENES ON THE SPOT;

OR,

PARIS IN 1824.

BY CHRISTOPHER CRAYON, ESQ.

(Continued from page 160.)

BOTH the man of science and the idler will find amusement in the *Jardin des Plantes*, where all the treasures of the vegetable world are added to a superb Museum of Natural History, and to the first menagerie in Europe. This garden was first founded in the reign of Louis XIII. who, as well as his successors, spared no expence upon it; and it was brought, by the labours of several celebrated botanists, particularly the illustrious Buffon, to a state of the greatest perfection. It escaped the general devastation in the days of anarchy, on account of its utility; but as no funds were provided for its support, it fell, gradually, into decay, till Buonaparte assumed the sovereign power. He enlarged the garden, and made very considerable additions to the treasures of the Museum. Several of these, which were plundered from other parts of Europe, have been returned to their rightful owners, but their places have been supplied, and no trouble and expence are spared by the reigning family to add to the different collections. You may here examine, at your leisure, all the different productions of the three kingdoms of nature, which are scientifically arranged in separate galleries. There is also a gallery of anatomy, another of botany, a fine library of natural history, and an amphitheatre with laboratories for lectures on all the branches of science connected with natural history. It is, principally, in this last point of view, that the Museum may be regarded as a great public benefit; the lectures being delivered gratuitously by the most able professors. And thus indigent genius finds here means of instruction which even wealth cannot procure elsewhere. But it is not in this department of science alone, that gratuitous instruction is afforded: the avenues to knowledge, far from being guarded, as in England, by gates which can only be opened by a golden key, are here thrown wide. Five public

libraries, containing the most extensive collections of books to be found in any city in Europe, in all languages, may be said to comprise all that is worth knowing in each. The collections of engravings, medals, and antiquities, are not less splendid. How much must such resources facilitate the attainment of science, and how much are they to be desired in England!

The humane traveller will feel a peculiar pleasure in visiting the menagerie; as it is truly gratifying to see that all the different animals which it contains, are rendered as happy as they possibly can be in a state of confinement. As all the treasures of the vegetable world are to be found in the gardens, so also the menagerie may boast of having all the rare and curious objects that have yet been discovered in animal nature. This collection has done much for zoology, by enabling the professors of it to study, in the best manner, the instinct, the intelligence, and habits of animals, and by shewing the effect which different modes of treatment have upon them.

Of the five public libraries, the principal is the king's, which alone contains more than seven hundred thousand volumes. It is open every week-day, holidays excepted, from ten till four; those who visit it are allowed to consult any books they please, or to make extracts from them; and it is highly creditable to the nation, to see the number of persons who daily avail themselves of this privilege. The regulations shew, that it is not matter of amusement, but of utility, for no conversation is permitted. The students, among whom, I must observe, there is generally a respectable proportion of the fair sex, pursue their occupations with the utmost gravity and stillness. Librarians are constantly in waiting to furnish them with the books they want: and it is but justice to say, that not only here, but in every one of the public establishments, the utmost politeness and attention are shewn to foreigners by the persons employed; and this attention is certainly disinterested, since they receive nothing; and I have even known instances in which, when pecuniary recompence was offered, it was respectfully, but firmly, declined.

This library is particularly rich in manuscripts, of which there are eighty thousand; and in engravings, which are said to amount to more than twelve hundred thousand, com-

prising all that is rare and curious in the different branches of the art. In an apartment which is entirely filled with geographical works, are a celestial and terrestrial globe, the largest perhaps in Europe. There is an inscription on the terrestrial globe, at which one cannot forbear smiling; it informs us, that that globe was constructed to exhibit the countries which that great monarch, Louis the XIV. might have subdued, had not his moderation prescribed limits to his valour. His moderation! this is really going too far. Do they suppose, because they choose to forget the triumphs of Britain under the immortal Marlborough, that other nations will be equally complaisant. But these good people are no niggards of praise, and the trifling consideration of truth never stops them when the object is to augment the national glory, by eulogising those who have contributed to it.

The Parisians look, with considerable pride, on the French Parnassus, composed of bronze, and placed in the centre of the principal gallery; it represents a mountain, on the summit of which is Pegasus. Fifteen figures, which are those of the poets and musicians of France, are placed on the sides. Louis the XIV. personates Apollo, and Mesdames de Lasuze, Desoulieress, and Scudery, figure as the Graces, Genii holding medallions, are interspersed. This production is, both in its design and execution, unworthy of the gallery in which it is placed.

The cabinet of medals and antiques is supposed to be the richest in Europe. The antiquary may enjoy in it, even to satiety, the delights of his favourite pursuits. I am no antiquary, but I confess I could not look without emotion, on the shields of Hannibal and Scipio, I would make a pilgrimage, at any time, to enjoy such reflections as the sight of these objects called forth. There are many other things in the cabinet precious from the remembrances they excite, and others equally so from their exquisite beauty. Among these last are the antique cameos and intaglios, consisting of engraved seals and rings by Greek artists, executed in a manner infinitely superior to any thing that has been seen in our days.

The four other public libraries, though not to be compared to the king's, are, nevertheless, upon a noble scale; and well worthy of the traveller's attention. They are open to the public during the greatest part of the year. But independent of

these, all the public institutions in Paris have likewise libraries belonging to them; and although they are not public, admission may be easily procured; thus a course of study, in every department of science and literature, is placed within the reach even of indigence. There are, besides, gratuitous schools for the languages, drawing, music, mineralogy, &c. &c.

One of these schools, which is destined for the instruction of young females only, appears to me an admirable institution. They are taught to draw animals, figures, landscapes, and flowers, as well as the different kinds of fancy ornaments proper for the toilet. This kind of knowledge is eminently useful to them even as embroiderers, or dress-makers, for it gives them a superior degree of taste and skill in the arrangement of female attire. Thus even those who have the most moderate capacity are enabled to provide for themselves respectably, and young women of real genius find the means of bringing their talents to perfection. The sphere of female exertion is necessarily so limited, that every additional means afforded to the sex of providing for themselves, reputably and comfortably, ought eagerly to be seized, and those who afford it are entitled to the name of public benefactors. In effect, what greater blessing can be bestowed upon human beings, than an education which at once opens the way to independence, and enlarges the source of innocent enjoyment? In this respect, it must be acknowledged that France does more for the diffusion of knowledge than any other country in Europe.

We boast in England, and with justice, of our humanity. France may vie with us in this boast; and though she cannot surpass us in charitable feelings, she assuredly does so in the means of expressing them. Relief is, here, rendered bitter to the person who receives it by the manner in which it is bestowed; there, on the contrary, every care is taken to spare his feelings in assisting his necessities. This is true charity. With all their faults, and they have a thousand, I must do them the justice to acknowledge, that in genuine kindness of heart, no people breathing can excel the French. Paris abounds in institutions of every kind for the relief of poverty, sickness, helplessness, and lunacy. There are twenty-four hospitals, and thirteen hospices and benevolent institutions. The first are devoted to the relief of the sick and wounded; the latter are asy-

lums for age, infancy, and infirmity. The hospitals are kept very clean, they have the best medical attendance, proper food, and such nurses as I should wish to have, if I wanted one; not hired mercenaries, who do their duty grudgingly and with more consideration for their own trouble than for the wants of the patient, but females who devote themselves voluntarily to this employment, and abandon the pleasures of the world to consecrate their lives to the first duty of humanity and religion—the care of the sick. These are the sisters of Charity, of St. Martha, of St. Thomas de Villeneuve, and other religious associations that fulfil this sacred duty in the hospitals of Paris. I have made the tour of them all; and I must in justice declare, that I found every where matter for praise, and none for censure. But as the details would not interest my readers, I shall speak only of the treatment of lunatics, and of an hospital for children; the last, I believe, is unique in its kind, as children only are admitted; it is a spacious building most healthfully situated, and with a large extent of ground for the young patients to recruit their strength in, as soon as they are able to take exercise: the greatest attention is paid to facilitate their recovery by proper food and treatment.

Coercion is carefully avoided in the management of the lunatics; they are never chained nor beaten upon any pretence whatever. The strait-waistcoat is applied only to such as it would be positively dangerous to leave at liberty, and I have been assured that those are very few indeed. In one hospital, that of the *Salpetriere*, the number of lunatics amounts to more than one thousand, of all ages and tempers, and of both sexes. If it be afflicting to see such a number of unfortunates deprived of the most precious attribute of humanity, it is at least a consolation to find that their misfortune is not aggravated by the cruelty of their fellow-creatures, and that they are kept in proper order without being, as is too often the case, degraded by treatment fit only for brute beasts.

The greater part of the thirteen other institutions are for the relief of the aged and infirm. One is for orphans, who are received from the age of two to twelve; they are apprenticed, at a proper age, to decent trades, and are regarded as under the protection of the Institution till they have attained the age of twenty-one. There is also a foundling hospital, into which chil-

dren are received at all hours of the day and night, without any enquiry; it is a noble building, and has a very extensive garden; the order and neatness which reign throughout are admirable. The hospice for the blind deserves likewise honourable mention. Three hundred indigent blind persons find in it a refuge. The greater number of these unfortunates employ themselves in works of different descriptions, and some of those that they execute are extremely clever and ingenious. The Royal Institution for the young blind is still more worthy of a visit from the intelligent traveller. Sixty boys, and thirty girls, are maintained in it at the public charge for eight years. The peculiar delicacy of touch common to blind persons, supplies, in some degree, the want of sight, and by a proper attention to it they may be taught many things which, at first, might be supposed impossible for them to learn. In this institution they are taught to read by means of raised characters; they are instructed also in music, writing, arithmetic, and different trades. The degree of perfection which several of them attain is really surprising, and the happiness they evidently enjoy is a convincing proof of the humanity as well as the judgment of their preceptors. The institution for the deaf and dumb is, if possible, still more gratifying to the philanthropic mind; it was founded by the Abbé l'Eepee. This excellent man, without any assistance either from government or private individuals, and with a very small patrimonial property, undertook at his own expence the maintenance and education of forty pupils; and, for a long time, he pursued in patient obscurity his meritorious design. Joseph the Second, Emperor of Germany, was the first to discover and appreciate his merits. He became a liberal benefactor to the institution, and obtained for it the patronage of his sister Maria Antoinette. The venerable l'Eepee died in the beginning of the French Revolution, but he left a successor worthy of him in the Abbé Sicard, who continued to direct the establishment till the year 1822. Happily, the storms of the Revolution did not affect the interests of an institution so dear to humanity. It has constantly flourished: at present it supports ninety gratuitous pupils. Boarders are also taken for a very moderate sum. These children receive an excellent education, and all the gratuitous pupils are taught trades. Nothing can be more

interesting than the public exhibitions which take place from time to time. The air of intelligence and docility for which the children, in general, are remarkable; the facility with which they execute whatever they are desired to do, and the singular proofs of brilliant intellect which their answers, returned in writing to any question put to them, often exhibit, afford the most delightful treat that can be conceived to a benevolent mind. The present director, M. de Perier, is a very gentlemanly man, and appears to be as humane as he is learned and scientific. Upon my complimenting him on the unwearied perseverance, the incessant labour, to which he resigned himself for the benefit of these poor children, he replied in the most natural and unaffected manner, "Ah, sir, the labour is light compared to the reward." His eyes were fixed as he spoke, with an expression of benevolent pleasure, on the children by whom he was surrounded. The mixture of love and veneration with which they evidently regard him has something in it very touching.

(*To be continued.*)

To the EDITOR of the LADIES' MONTHLY MUSEUM.

SIR,

As I am a constant reader, and an occasional correspondent, may I be allowed to solicit your opinion and that of your correspondents on the Hamiltonian system of education. I confess I have hitherto had my prejudices on the subject; but an article in the last number of the Edinburgh Review, written, as report says, by the Rev. Sidney Smith, has greatly shaken, and in some degree, removed them; I am now inclined to consider the system as entitled to some attention, if not to entire adoption. Will you do me the favour to make my wishes known to your correspondents; some one of whom may, perhaps, be disposed to give an opinion on the subject; which would not only oblige me individually, but also lead to a discussion beneficial to your readers, and not dishonouring to your pages.

I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,

JUNIUS.

JEANNIE HALLIDAY.*

ON one of the sweetest spots in Angus stands a small farmhouse or cottage, where the heroine of my present tale passed the first years of her innocent life. It stands on the romantic and birch-fringed banks of "the sweet-winding Tay," among scenes of smiling and pastoral beauty; scenes well adapted to form the taste, and to give a tender tone to every tender feeling.

Jeannie Halliday was an orphan, living, like a child of their own, with a worthy couple, relations of her father. Her companion was their only son, a boy five or six years older than herself, but of such gentle and home-keeping habits, that their childish sports and recreations, or riper years, were generally enjoyed together. Affection between the young people consequently grew with their growth; and it was not until Jeannie attained her sixteenth birth-day, that Alan Forsyth discovered, to his sorrow, the different nature of their affection.

The gudeman Forsyth and his staid wife were secretly proud of their "bonnie Jeannie." Often were they heard boasting her "sma' gimp waist, and hands like twa sna' drifts;" and scarcely would they let her milk even their favourite cow, or ever partake their habitually coarse food: Jeannie was bred up, therefore, with a sort of self-respect, which powerfully and nobly influenced her future conduct.

After she was grown up to womanhood, she was never seen permitting the young farmers in any of those familiarities encouraged by girls of freer manners or wilder spirits than her's. Yet Jeannie was the gayest and most light-hearted lass at fair or penny-wedding. The very glance of her gladsome eye gave an impulse to the dullest spirits; the moment she appeared, young and old expected to be entertained, or put into good-humour; for when she had nothing comic to say, she had always something kind: and where is the heart, young or old, which does not expand to kindness? Jeannie had been well taught, for she could both read and write; but it was only on sabbaths that she took time for practising these accomplishments; and

* In fulfilment of our promise to our readers, (see page 108,) we here present them with a Sketch of Miss Porter's beautiful tale; in the earnest hope that it may interest them as it has us.

as she was always heard singing to herself while employed about household work, the elders of her acquaintance wondered "how Jeannie could tak time to be sa staid and wiselike in her ways."

Jeannie Haliday's thoughtful conduct was certainly extraordinary in one so young; but reflection in her was the fruit of feeling. Adam Forsyth's wife (her almost second mother) died before Jeannie was twelve years old; and from that period, gratitude to her memory, and kind concern for the poor old man, left without any of womankind except herself to minister to his comforts, made her think and act in a manner far beyond her years.

Her playmate, Alan, felt Jeannie's moral value even more than her beauty, as he, too, ripened in a grand reflectiveness. Whenever he returned from the field or the market, (whither he was obliged to go as his father increased in years and infirmities,) he was always sure to find their "Bonnie Jean" sitting quietly at her needle-work under the shade of their hawthorn trees, singing to the sparkling bernie, (as the Scotch call every small stream), ready to run into the house, and get him the meal which her hand had previously prepared.

In the evening, Jeannie's voice gave sweetness of tone and pathetic effect to their native ballads; or deepened the interest of a ghost story; or added zest to a tale of mirth; or impressed scriptural truths more earnestly upon the hearts of reverential hearers. The neatness and prettiness of their long, irregular habitation, was also Jeannie's work; Alan knew this, and frequently contrasted the comforts of his father's dwelling with the discomforts of a neighbour's; inwardly delighted to ascribe all superiority to Jeannie.

While she reduced the house to order, ranged their few pieces of old china and homelier delft, in decent order, along shelves which her small hands polished into looking-glasses, Alan constructed many a rustic fence to secure her little improvements in and about the house; trained jessamine and honeysuckle over every window and door-way; wove the winding rose into bowers, and planted the willow and birch to over-hang her favourite bank by the burn-side.

He kept the kail-yard free from nuisance, while she kept the garden plentiful in useful herbs; and though Jeannie's delicate hands could not wash the household linen, they spread it on

the sweet smelling gowans, sprinkled it through the day, and thus watched its bleaching with a matron's care. Young Alan's softness of heart was coupled with much of that plain sound sense, which belongs to that class of characters which the Scotch call a discreet lad; and as he noticed these home-gracing, home-guiding qualities in Jeannie, he felt with transport, that, go the world over, he could never find one better fitted for a wife; and that, consequently, he might, without levity or imprudence, safely yield to his fond yearning of making her his own eventually. Jeannie, giddy, idle, wasteful, and without a shilling, would have been a sad and shameful match for the only son of wealthy and prudent Adam Forsyth; but Jeannie, considerate, active, and thrifty, though without money, was in herself a fortune.

Serenely secure of being dearer to Jeannie than any of the other young men who knew and courted her, Alan was only waiting till he should attain the age of one-and-twenty, ere he might venture to think himself entitled to ask the consent of his father to such a marriage. Pious and rational, Alan believed himself bound to earn future happiness by present labour and self-denial; he therefore became more active and diligent than ever, cheerfully renouncing his enjoyment of Jeannie's sweet society, for hours of lonely cattle-tending, or busy town-going.

Between the day that was to make Jeannie sixteen, and his twenty-first birth day, there would be only two months, so near the period he had fixed on for asking her of his parent; Alan thought he might, with propriety, declare his wishes to the dear object of them, and secure, as he fondly trusted, their kind approval. Jeannie's birth-day happened on Old May-day; and the May morning which brought the day Alan desired, appeared to him, nay was, indeed, the gayest and the brightest his eyes had ever opened upon.

On that morning he was summoned from his bed by the voices of a dozen or more lively young people, under his window, who were come, with garlands in their hands, to usher in Jeannie's birth-day, and to accompany her in the rural sport of dew-gathering. The laugh, the hearty carol, the social call, the jest, the sportive race, all these bursts from jocund spirits, accompanied this little band of friends and neighbours, in their eager search after sports where the dew lay the heaviest. In-

nocent or careless hearts made every trifle contribute to enjoyment; and the competition of which girl should carry home the most dew, and which young man should find the rarest wild flower to decorate the breast and hair of Jeannie Halliday, soon became a positive pleasure.

It was Alan Forsyth's lot to discover, at the moist root of a wild apple-tree, a cluster of the fragrant meadow-sweet; whole boughs of the tree, covered with their white and vermillion blossoms, were quickly sacrificed to the rustic gallantry of the youths, who claimed the honour of forming her future garland. Alan's meadow-sweet was distinguished by an immediate place in her bosom.

After this little halt, the merry party were returning homeward in scattered and long-divided groupes along the margin of the river, when the demon of rude sport, or of secret envy, suddenly seized one of Jeannie's companions; and, snatching at the flowers, the girl threw them with some fleering words, into the passing stream. Jeannie's natural exclamation of affectionate regret. "O Tibbie, woman, how could you—and Alan's flowers too!" made poor Alan's heart thrill: with love's quick fancy he interpreted the simple meaning, while in a transport of joy and fond surprise, he dashed into the river to regain the flowers. Alan forgot that he was unused to danger, and a timid swimmer; but Jeannie recollectcd both circumstances, and running wildly along the bank, called on some one, for God's sake, for his auld feyther's sake, to help him out. At that moment the current had drifted the nosegay close to a ship's boat, which the dew-gatherers had been previously noticing with admiration at its rapid advance. Alan was eagerly following in the direction of the flowers, when one of the young men in the pinnace called out to him to swim away from the suction of their keel. Seeing that he either understood not, or disregarded the warning, the fearless young sailor leaped into the water, and at the imminent hazard of his own life saved that of Alan. The latter was got with the greatest difficulty into the boat; but the other, bidding his comrades follow, swam direct to the land. The danger and the rescue were the work of an instant; so that Jeannie's agony of fear endured but a moment or two. She neither fainted nor flung herself into the arms of Alan, when, reaching the shore, he hastened to her from the boat; but clasping her hands together, and bursting into joyful tears, she ex-

claimed, "Now, God be praised! oh what wad ha' become o' your feyther, Alan, had ye been drowned! what wad ha' become of me, ha'ing your dethe o' my conscience!"

Alan was disenchanted of his sanguine hopes at this artless address; Jeannie's grief for his loss would be severe then only because she caused his death; and as he thought thus, the returning colour fled his cheek: he shrunk back towards his preserver, and seeking the support of his arm, hung there a heavy weight.

The young tar, on the contrary, stood smilingly erect, the clusters of his rich brown hair glittering with, not quelled by, the water; his open brow all displayed: one part of it sun-burned nearly to the dark hue of his hair, the other polished and white as marble. In fact, there was a light over the whole of this young man's countenance, which, if it were not absolutely beauty, was beauty's best effect; for, at the first glance, it bespoke favour for the frank, warm-hearted, stainless character it announced.

A figure finely grown, in the plenitude of manly strength and youthful elasticity, was recommended by the carelessness of its clothing: no jacket, common sailor's trowsers, a clean checked-shirt, scarcely closed at the throat by a loosely-knotted silk-handkerchief—such was his attire. His straw-hat rudely garlanded with May, was seen floating down the river. He was the first to wish it a good voyage.

Both the voice and the smile of this young man were singularly agreeable: he received the congratulations and thanks of the different persons composing the groupe round him with a mixture of pleasantry and feeling; and while Alan invited him to come on with them to his father's house, and partake in the festivity of their Jeannie's birth-day, he accepted the invitation with honest willingness. As the party sauntered homeward, he informed them that the merchant-ship he belonged to, lay at anchor at the mouth of the Tay; that it had just arrived from Barcelona, and would sail again in three or four months more on a short voyage to some other Spanish port; that he was the only son of a widow, who was lately come down from the Highlands to live with a single brother, residing a few miles from the place the Forsyth's dwelt in; and that as he should have leave to visit his mother while the ship was unlading and getting ready for sea again, he should be enabled to gratify himself, and comply

with the hearty invitations of his new acquaintance, by coming often to see them.

To those who live in the world, nothing is so surprising as the frankness and facility with which those who live out of it, talk of their own feelings and concerns to strangers: it is a habit which springs out of confidence in the kind sympathy of those around us, and is acquired by living solely with friends or kindred: it is therefore the witness of some worth in the person who so develops himself—many may say, it is no witness of wisdom.—Be that as it may, Malcolm Cameron's free and fluent details of his own connections and adventures, gave nothing but pleasure to the artless folk with whom accident had joined him. There was not the slightest tincture of vanity or of self-admiration in his personal anecdotes; nay, his anecdotes were generally narrations, descriptive of some comrade's courage and conduct, in which his own share was merely incidental; but as there is no describing another without developing in one's self the generous glow with which he detailed another man's excellencies, the kindly interest he took in every fellow-creature; the noble envy he now and then expressed of magnanimity displayed, and gallant enterprise successful, proved him to be of kindred spirit with those he admired, and warranted his hearers in believing, that, under similar circumstances, he too, would have entitled himself to become the hero of a tale.

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTE

OF THE LATE R. B. SHERIDAN, ESQ. M. P. RELATED BY A FRIEND,
IN A LETTER TO MR. MOORE.

EARLY in the summer of 1815, Mr. Sheridan took me with him to Leatherhead, near which place he had an estate called Polesden. During the few days we remained there, he rose early, and, after breakfast, proceeded in his barouch to his estate, over a portion of which he walked each day, making minute enquiries relating to his affairs, about which he seemed very anxious. After having completed his inquiries for the day, he dismissed his attendants, and reclining on the grass beneath

some favourite tree, he partook of refreshments which we had provided. It was in one of these walks, when approaching a neat farm-house, he said to me, "The inhabitant of that house is a man whose bread has been dipped in tears; but I trust, that the assistance I have given him, united with his own industry, will extricate him from his difficulties, and enable him to provide for his family."

On our entering the wicket, near which several children were at play, he was recognized by them, and they shouted with one voice as they ran towards their home, "Here's Mr. Sheridan!" In an instant, a venerable-looking old man, his son, a man of about fifty, the father of the numerous offspring before-mentioned, and his wife, came to the door, and with looks of joy saluted him. We entered the dwelling. Mr. Sheridan being seated, inquired after the health of the family, the state of the crops on the farm, and the probability he had of success. From the answers of the man, I easily discovered that Mr. Sheridan was well acquainted with his affairs, and had interested himself deeply for him. The wife, with tears of gratitude, said—"You saved us from ruin and famine, may my children live to pray for you." I saw that he was affected, but commanding himself, he begged to have some conversation with the husband, and retired with him to an adjoining apartment.

In his absence, the wife informed me, that her husband had been industrious, but unfortunate, and that, failing to pay the rent of a farm belonging to a neighbouring landholder, his goods had been distrained, and his aged father and nine young children turned out into the world to seek some other home: that Mr. Sheridan, hearing of their distress, and assuring himself that misfortune alone had brought her husband to so forlorn a situation, had purchased many articles necessary to their comfort, and put them into the farm which they then tenanted, free from rent for one year, and had advanced them a little money to begin with. Mr. Sheridan returned; and, on leaving the house, was followed by this family, who, with tears of gratitude, and enthusiastic prayers, called down the blessings of heaven upon his head. When "the cry of the poor and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him, and the blessings of those who were ready to perish, came upon him," his feelings were overcome; he burst into tears, and hurried away.

CANZADE;

A Turkish Fragment.

" Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
 Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime,—
 Where the rage of the vulture and the low of the turtle,
 Now melt into sorrow, now redden to crime?
 Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,
 Where the flowers ever flourish, the beams ever shine,—
 Where the citron and orange are fairest of fruit,
 And the voice of the nightingale never is mute,—
 Where the maidens are bright as the roses they twine,
 And all, save the spirit of man, is divine?"

.....

IT was the feast of hyacinths; and sounds of gladness rang through the extensive gardens of the Imperial Harem. Troops of females, lovely and bright as the beds of anemones which gleamed with every hue as their variegated blossoms caught the sunshine, disported through trelliced bowers, and over velvet lawns bordered with the asphodel. The gushing perfume of the viola adreta came mingled in the breeze with the gentle wakings of silver-stringed lutes, in those fragrant thickets which invited the step of the wanderer to their enchanting solitudes; but louder minstrelsy and even richer incense drew the admiring beauties of the harem to a broad arena, where, flinging their white arms on high, with their heads thrown back, and one fairy foot only touching the earth, as the other pressed lightly forwards, troops of dancing girls shook the golden bells of their bracelets and anklets, and wreathed round and round, in sprightly measure; sometimes grouped like the clustering houri when following the chariot of the sun; at others, scattered abroad, in gay confusion, dividing only to unite again.

When the tall pine, the silver fir, the slender ilex, and the mantling arbutus, with Lebanon's majestic cedar, were insufficient to shadow the whole lawn, awnings of bright striped silk, edged with tasseled fringe, were stretched between the blue sky and the green earth; fountains, in continual play, kept the air refreshingly cool; and banks and beds of hyacinths, presenting their rich masses of varied colouring, in clouds of pink, purple, crimson, amber, and azure, and redolent with delicious odours, dazzled the eyes, and almost overpowered each raptured sense.

Glittering as summer stars, blazing with jewels, fair as the pearly buds of yet unopened lilies, crimsoning with joy to the flush of the rose, or glowing with the fervent kiss of an eastern sun, the bright inhabitants of this splendid region fluttered through the gaudy parterres; reclined on silken couches under Persian canopies, or took perfumed waters, fruits, and confections, from the hands of gorgeously-attired slaves, in pavilions latticed with gold. Canzade, the most lovely of the sultanas, the beautiful, the favourite sister of the reigning monarch; she who had been wont to fly like a glad bird through the flowery labyrinths, to frolic with the young fawn, and to pour from her smiling lips the song of joy, was now silent and dejected. She bent her large dark eyes down to the sculptured bath where her favourite gold fish sported, and sighed; she looked at her doves as they plumed their enamelled wings in the sunshine, and envied them their lot. Shining in silver tissue, her glossy tresses bowed with the largest pearls of Persia's matchless gulph, each fold of her turban clasped with a gem which would have purchased a principality, and her sparkling robe looped with costly chains of the diamond, the emerald, and the ruby, the hapless Canzade would have exchanged situations with the daughter of the meanest Arab of the desert; given the music of the flashing cymbal, the sound of the deep-toned drum, and loud trombone, for the tinkle of a camel's bell; and relinquished the crimson and blue arcades which shaded her fair face from the fervid sun, for a simple tent on Yenen's burning sands. Canzade had seen her destined husband, the dark-souled Ali Abdallah Bey. She was to be the reward of his crimes, the bond of his future faith; and vainly had she knelt at her brother's feet, in passionate solicitation that he would spare her the misery of so hateful a union. A few weeks, and she would be borne away in the train of a man she detested to Egypt's distant plains. The sultana turned sickening from the brilliant pageant before her; and stealing through a narrow alley, sought a more retired spot. Shunning the stray parties of laughing damsels who nestled in the flowery arbours, or twined garlands on the green sward, she left, at last, the noisy hum of the festival far behind; the path wound through myrtle-hedges arched into a verdant colonnade, and giving glimpses, between its living pillars, of the sparkling Bosphorus, with the bright regatta of its sailing boats, floating over the

surface of the broad and silvery waters. Still the scene was too gay to suit the wanderer's pensive mind, and a darker avenue inviting her steps, she pursued it, until it terminated in a green recess where a sparry grotto offered cool repose. Just as Canzade had taken the mossy seat which presented itself, her restless eyes glanced upon an aperture at the farther end; she approached it, and found a door. It was now a little open, but when closed its curious covering of shells rendered it perfectly invisible. Canzade passed through, and found herself in a small garden, the forgotten contrivance of some remote period. Surrounded on all sides by tall trees, it was so completely sequestered as to defy the most searching curiosity, its walls being hidden on the outer side by a thicket of underwood. A pavillion, richly decorated, occupied the centre. The musing sultana entered, and uttered a cry of mingled terror and surprise, as, starting from a sopha, she beheld the form of a man: she turned, and would have fled, but the stranger caught her robe, and throwing himself at her feet, prayed her to forgive the bold affection which had prompted him to seek the shelter of a spot from whence he hoped, when night advanced, to steal in the habit of a female slave to the more frequented parts of the garden, in order to feast his eyes upon her beauty. Canzade recollects that, in her visits to a dealer in Indian stuffs, in removing part of her veil from her eyes, the rest had slipped aside, and it was possible that the young and handsome cavalier who now bent his admiring and entreating gaze upon her blushing and averted face, might have caught a glimpse of features which, living upon his remembrance, he declared would shame the houris of his prophet's paradise; she tried to tear herself away, but he so earnestly besought the delay of a single moment, that she could not pluck the robe from his grasp, or frown on one so passionate and yet so gentle! Fascinated by the stream of eloquence which he poured upon her delighted ear, she remained in pleased captivity, until the dread of being missed warned her to depart; the stranger raised the hem of her garment to his lips, and obtained a promise of another interview.

The princess, on her return to the gay assembly, looked anxiously for Talma, her favourite slave; but she was not to be found! There was no one else whom Canzade could trust; and wrapped in a reverie, painful, and yet sweet, she sat down on

the edge of a marble fount, and unconsciously plucking the pagoda-like flowers of the hyacinths which grew beside it, tore the silken bells one by one from their green stalks, and cast them into the placid waters. As evening approached, the dance was carried on with redoubled spirit; millions of lamps wreathed round the dark trunks of the trees, or, shaped into obelisks, domes, and minarets, formed a mimic day; the music breathed a livelier strain, and coruscations of brilliant fireworks, shooting up into the wide concave of heaven, chained the eyes of the charmed spectators, as they darted along in a thousand fantastic shapes. Canzade watched the moment to withdraw: she found the enamoured Osmyn at the appointed spot; venturing to clasp her hand, he told her of bright islands, in summer seas, where the citron and the orange bloomed as richly as upon their own fair land, and where, free from all bonds save those of the heart, they might enjoy felicities of which the imprisoned inmate of a Harem could scarcely dream. The sultana spoke not, but her melting eyes gave the answer which her faltering lips denied, and her lover, emboldened by this yielding tenderness, talked of flight; there was a boat upon the Bosphorus which would convey them to a happier shore: he arranged the time, the hour, the place; every difficulty seemed to vanish before his overmastering genius; and Canzade more than ever loathing the thought of her intended marriage with Ali Abdallah, and under the influence of a passion which blinded her judgment, half consented to an elopement with one who, though so lately known, had wrought upon her soul with tender vows and oaths of everlasting love; she disengaged a necklace of intermingled diamonds, pearls, and rubies from her ivory throat, and clasped it round the too-attractive stranger's arm.

Again compelled to quit the fascinations of Osmyn's converse, she left the lonely pavilion for the crowded avenues of the illuminated garden. The mirth had grown fainter, for the spirits of the revellers were wearied with excess of enjoyment; Canzade, again fruitlessly enquiring for Talma, retired to her own apartment, to ponder over the strange circumstances of the eventful day; anxious, perturbed, and restless, the hours of darkness wore away without bringing her an instant of oblivion, and early in the morning, arising from her sleepless pillow, she hurried into the garden, to cool her brow with the refreshing

breeze from the water; she shunned her last night's path, fearing to attract the attention of the slaves who were busied in restoring order, and took an opposite direction on the banks of the dancing wave.

While gazing on the bright expanse before her, a ghastly object met her view; the tide brought with it the body of some unhappy female, who had, perchance, (for the incident was not uncommon,) fallen a sacrifice to a rash confidence in the affection of a faithless lover. The princess shuddered, turned away, and looked again, for, in the pale face and blood-stained form, she recognized her beloved Talma. Calling hastily for assistance, the floating corse was brought on shore; Canzade knelt beside the remains of her ill-fated friend, and taking one of the clay-cold hands, beheld, with surprize and horror, the necklace which she had given to Osmyn clasped tightly in its grasp. The unconscious jewels told a dreadful tale; the weeping sultana could not doubt that it was Talma who had attracted the too-interesting stranger to the garden. Accident had brought him in contact with another—and a fairer. Talma's jealousy might betray the secret of his former vows—and she was murdered. Upon a strict investigation among the slaves, Canzade learned that her unfortunate favourite had confided the secret of a lover's visits to one of her companions, and the silent testimony of the jewelled chain was sufficient to identify the assassin with Osmyn.

In the first burst of her grief and indignation, the princess resolved to deliver the savage-hearted delinquent to the hands of justice, but the remembrance of those assurances of love which she had given him came across her soul; she would therefore leave him to the stings of his own conscience.—Shutting herself up in her chamber, she gave loose to the agony which wrung her gentle breast. Alas! every hand that sought to link itself with her's, was stained with blood.

Pining like the flowers whose feast she had so lately celebrated, the luckless Canzade drooped her pale and lovely head. The Pacha of Egypt vainly claimed his affianced bride; death came before him. "Bury me, my brother," gently murmured the expiring girl, "beneath a cypress in the grave of Talma."

EMMA ROBERTS.

MACDONALD'S COTTAGE.

(Continued from page 148.)

SOME time of care and attention, subdued Macdonald's illness; and his health was beginning to recover, in spite of the restless, or rather, miserable, state of his mind.

A hard frost was succeeded by milder days in March; but the ground was almost impassable from the thaw that was taking place in the masses of snow that the last three months had accumulated, when one day that Miss Jeanie expected her messenger, she went to the door to look for him, and inhale for a moment the reviving beams of the sun that was shining over the glen down upon the cottage. She put up her hand to shade her eyes from the glare of the sun, and looked anxiously along the road. In a little time she saw Sandy turning the hill; and, though at some distance, the moment he espied her he held up a letter, and shook it triumphantly.

Miss Jeanie, in her eagerness and joy, hastened forward to meet him, nor thought of the roads until she sunk knee-deep amongst the snow; and in vain kilted her petticoats to extricate herself.—“Na, Sandy Broon!” cried she, “winna ye mak haste an' help me!”

“Lord sake, Miss Jeanie!” hallooed Sandy, “fat garred ye come oot amang the snaw? its weel I'm nae smoored mysel; I never saw siccan a thaw sin' I wus born? an' its as sliddery as gless. I hae gotten nae less than sax tumels by the wy, an I tint my bonnet ae time, an' had to wide up te the oxters to get it back; dinna pit yer fit there; it winna haud.”

“Ye're sair drabbit weel a wat,” said Miss Jeanie; “an' am nae dry mysel; bit I wad thole twa or three weetings for the letter; on lad! bit ye soll get a daud o' the best kebboch i the hoos for yer wark this dae!”

“Wat ye an' I wusna as glad mysel whan I got it,” replied Sandy smiling; “nae that I mak heed o'the cauld sluthe-ran waks I hae had o'er the hill; bit Glenquair himsel has been lang expectan a letter; an' to wuss an' be ill at ae time, is o'er muckle for ony ane.”

“Aye, puir lad! he's had a sair time o't;” said Miss Jeanie sighing.

"Troth hae he," rejoined Sandy; "an' ye've had a sair time o't yersel, Miss Jeanie; bit ye'll bring him thro', I houp; it wad be a sair pity for sic a likely mon as young Glenquair."

"Bring him thro'?" said Miss Jeanie, in a tone of alarm and agitation; "bring him thro'! lord sake, Sandy Broon, what made ye tak' siccan a thocht as that into yer heed? there's nae fear o' him! he's comin roun' ilka day; heich! it wud be a pity for our Allan in troth! though I sae't mysel, there isna sic a step treads on Scottish grun' as young Glenquair's."

"An' maybe, mair thinks that than you, Miss Jeanie," said Sandy slyly; "I hear he had a sair touzle last summer in the glen, wi' young Macdougald o' Knapton, aboot a lass that he had row't up in his plaid."

"I ken naething aboot ony sic matters," said Miss Jeanie drawing up; "an' ye're nae blate, Sandy Broon, I maun sae, to speak to a douce woman like me o' touzles an' lasses."

"Weel, I saunua sae; bit I nicht hae deen as weel to hae hauden my tongue," replied Sandy; "I only hard the story the dae at the post toon; an mony a guess wus aboot the lass; ye needna be telling Glenquair; noo, Miss Jeanie, nor scaullin him either; for ye ken lads an' lasses wull coort; an' gen the minister disna come o'er yer gaet, ye needna min' a tryste i'the glen."

"Haud yer prophane tongue, Sandy Broon!" cried Miss Jeanie in wrath; "fu daur ye, ye bauld loon, speak sae to me? we hae nae gaets o' that kin' in Glenquair; there's nae a minister amang them a decenter lad nor our Allan."

"Atwed, Miss Jeanie," said Sandy with a pawky look, "its an auld tale, that a'thing's nae aye true; that we hear; I wuss my mither wad think as muckle o' me; bit she's a bauld carline, an' aye fleein at me for aething or another."

They had by this time arrived at the cottage; and Sandy Brown sitting down by the fire, Miss Jeanie went into the closet where Macdonald lay, and in joyful accents exclaimed, "Here's the letter! noo, my laddie! lang socht is come at last."

Macdonald's pale countenance flushed with hope and expectation; and his languid eye sparkled up to brightness, as he stretched eagerly forth his hand for the long anxiously-looked-for letter.

"Read ye it, Allan," said Miss Jeanie gaily, "an' I'll awa

an' gi' that loon his piece: it wadna de te keep him; he has a lang bit te win hame."

Miss Jeanie satisfied Sandy's voracious appetite; and stuffing the remainder of his fare into his pouch, he bade Miss Jeanie "gude dee," and departed.

She immediately went back to Macdonald's room: "Weel, Allan," cried she cheerfully, "what news hae ye gotten?"

No one answered her; Macdonald's head was bent down on his hands, and the letter crushed between them. "O, Allan!" cried she in alarmed accents; but he did not move; and Miss Jeanie in terror lifted up his head, which lay in her hold, powerless, and all but lifeless.

* * * * *

Græme of Ara's letter was but a bad assistant in Macdonald's recovery: if he did not die of grief, he certainly was near doing so. Whatever anguish young hearts feel in a first disappointment, where, with the confiding credulity of their years, they have placed all their ardent hopes, Macdonald felt to the bitterness of despair. He wanted only strength to set out that moment from Glenquair, and seek Maria, to hear from her own lips the cruel change in her sentiments; but weak, and thrown back to worse than his first illness, Macdonald's heart was left to all the agonies of solitude, sickness, and disappointment.

In his first moments of distraction, he had shown Miss Jeanie the letter; but except her tears, she had no other consolation for him; and, nearly inarticulate through them, she said in a low sympathizing voice, "Alack, Allan, bit I'm sorry for ye; bit O, think a little, my laddie; what ither cud ye hae expectit? Græme o' Ara's dochter wusna for ye te think o'; what wad ye hae deen wi' her in this wee cot? Na bit, Allan, ye mauna grieve sae; ye're bracken my heart te see you; it cudna hae come to ony thing; an' troth, my laddie, it's better pitten an en'te at ance." Miss Jeanie's opinion would have been allowed reasonable by any but a lover; as it was, Macdonald heard her as the winds did.

Never looked for, and never thought of—Sandy Brown made his appearance one day at the cottage with another letter.

Miss Jeanie was almost afraid to present it, lest it should be productive of as much distress as the last had been; and

with some circumlocution she hesitatingly gave it into Macdonald's hand; and anxiously watched by him while he perused it.

No paling of the cheek alarmed her with apprehension; she saw his face gradually flush with joy, and a smile, that had been a truant to him for many a day, played on his lip, brow, and eye, as he turned to his kind nurse, and throwing his arm round her neck exclaimed; "Here is good news, Miss Jeanie; I may be happy yet!"

"God grant it noo an' aye," said Miss Jeanie in fervent joy; "is't frae Ara, Allan?"

"No," replied Macdonald, slightly clouding at the name; "it is from my mother's uncle: hear what he says."—

"My dear Macdonald,

I trust the date of this letter will do away all impressions of neglect on my part, for my, apparently to you, long and unaccountable silence. Last summer, Mrs. Dainsterill complaining much, towards the close of it, of langour and of indisposition, was advised by her physicians to try a milder air than Britain for the winter; and as the continent was too unsettled for a timid invalid to venture on, we took our passage for Madeira in September, and arrived there in safety towards the end of October. Your letter being addressed for me at the India-house, was so wide a direction, that it took some time to be forwarded to me in the proper channel.

As, I doubt not, you are acquainted with the particulars of your mother's marriage, I shall forbear touching on the cause that made your father and me strangers to each other. Whatever reasons for displeasure I might have had, in the grave with those who occasioned them they shall be suffered to rest; and to the child of Honora Dainsterill the best interest I have shall be given.

Mrs. Dainsterill is so much recovered that we intend to be early in England this summer: in the meantime, I wish you to repair to London, to wait my arrival there, and I inclose you a draft on my banker for two hundred pounds to answer your immediate expenses. Carry this letter with you, and show it to Mr. Brownlow, No. 16, Portman-square; he is a friend of the family: and I doubt not will cordially receive you; I have written him concerning you.

' As my interest lies chiefly in India, it will be necessary for you to come with a certificate of your birth, &c.

' Trusting to find you all that I can approve and love,
 'I remain, your affectionate uncle,

' Madeira, Jan. 24th.

' HUGH DAINSTERILL.'

It was now Miss Jeanie that grew pale, "What, Allan! are ye gaun to leave me?"

The stunned, heart-piercing tones, these few words were spoken in, subdued Macdonald's joy: he kissed Miss Jeanie, and for a few moments hung round her neck in silence. Miss Jeanie sobbed aloud.

" Dear, dear Miss Jeanie," said Macdonald, with much emotion, " I am only going away for the benefit of us both; when I make a fortune, I shall return to Glenquair, or you shall come to me. Is there a prosperous day can shine on me, that shall not equally extend to you?"

" Alack! its nae fortune," sobbed Miss Jeanie; " I hae spent o'er mony days in this lowly glen to care for fortune noo; siller's noe easy gotten, Allan; or ye come back wi't to Glenquair, I'll be lang in my grave."

" No, no," said Allan, hiding his gushing eyes on Miss Jeanie's neck.

" This is nae richt o' me," said Miss Jeanie, making an effort to repress her grief; " I aye kent ye wer te gang into the warl an' leave me; yer father often spak' o't whan ye wusna by; an' though I grieve for mysel, I am glad for you, that sic a gude frien has taen ye by the han'. Bit ye'll nae think o' gaun yet, Allan? ye're o'er weak to travel for mony a dae."

" No, no, not yet," eagerly answered Macdonald, glad to say any thing to comfort Miss Jeanie; " I'll see gowans in the glen before I leave it."

" The gowans winna spring bonnie te my auld een this year;" said Miss Jeanie; a sigh, like a sob, finishing her words; and with a faltering step, she left Macdonald to give way in private to the grief his proposed departure occasioned her.

It is needless to describe, what all, at some period of their lives have felt,—the pains of parting.

Macdonald saw the gowans bud up through the returning green of the glen, but poor Miss Jeanie was only to see them fade.

C. B. M.

(To be continued.)

SCENES IN THE EAST.

(Continued from page 104.)

THE ROUDBAR CHIEF.

"IN times past, (for so the story ran,) a young prince from the neighbouring valley of Rhey, chanced to pursue a ghouran, or wild ass, too far into the Elborz mountains; and falling in with a prowling band of the Hassan people, was instantly surrounded, and brought bound to their chief. Chouban, this true descendant of the first Hassan, the tyrannic lord of those very mountains, had long been dreaded for his skill in sanguinary ambuscade, his inordinate appetite for plunder, and for an implacability of hatred against all civilized men; often known to have wreaked itself on the persons and lives of several illustrious prisoners who had fallen into his hands.—Hence, when the prince of Rhey was placed before him, young, of noble mein, and already noted by fame for triumphs in the chace, and over his father's enemies, Chouban exulted at sight of so eminent a prey. The mystic veil, or rather golden net-work visor of his mailed turban, was set with diamonds in the knot of every mesh; and by dazzling the gaze of the beholder, seemed as if the splendour shone from the face beneath. Thus concealing the real visage of the impious pretender to the same brightness which had distinguished the divinely effulgent countenance of the Jewish lawgiver, on his descent from Mount Sinia; therefore Zala, the young prince, could not discern the Roudbar tyrant's thoughts of his prize, by his looks.—But the first breath from his nostrils, the first sound of his voice, like thunder from the cloud of a bursting volcano—as if hell itself spoke—made Zala shudder. "Hah!" cried the arch impostor, "behold, my people! how the heir of Haluko trembles before me. He reads his doom in the flash of my eyes! and when to-morrow's sun rises, ye shall see in him, the omen of his father's dominions; rent, and trampled, by the grasp of my hand, the tread of my foot!—Ye shall see the mangled limbs of this son of him, who has dared to threaten our supremacy here, lie quivering under the talons of our carrion-crows; and the audacious visage, defaced to a clod of clay, which presumed to invade, and look, within our sacred boundaries!"— "Vile usurper of heaven and earth!" exclaimed the prince; but his further utterance was stopped, by the instant blow of

a clenched hand upon his throat: and, with a gasp, and blood flowing from his mouth, he fell senseless before the tyrant.

When he revived to sensation, to recollection, he was still on the ground; but not in the presence of his unjust judge. On opening his eyes, though dimmed by faintness, he saw he was alone, and in a deep, pit-like cavern.—And, as his strength gradually returned, he perceived it to be lit from above by a long fissure in the rock; but which was so narrow, it seemed hardly wide enough to admit a sparrow's flight; though through it many larger birds must have passed! for he discerned several, big as ravens, perched on the craggy jutments of the cavern, not far from the top; and, almost immediately, his attention was drawn to a recess in the rocky floor, behind the spot where he lay, by the sudden screams and flapping of the wings of two or three of these birds, flying against each other as if in contention.—Having already raised himself on his elbow, he turned his head to look, and beheld, what gave him reason to apprehend, he had been thrown into this hideous place to perish by famine, and then left to be devoured by these carnivorous creatures. For his recovering faculties had become sensible to a noxious smell, as if near some putrifying carcase; he found the earth of the dungeon strewed with bones, and as human sculls were amongst them, he could no longer doubt the sort of charnel-house in which he was confined;—the noted cave of Hassan Saheb's captives!—Where, as he had heard, the execrable successors of that tyrant, not only cast the unburied bodies of the prisoners their rapacity had seized, and their cruelty butchered; but where they also consigned many captives alive, to the slow death of famine; or to the more horrible termination of existence, of being devoured, while living, by a gigantic species of hawk, tutored to the game! For so the sight was known to be called by these demoniac lords of the mountains; and Chouban was often present, to glut his eyes, with what he entitled the human sacrifice to his demi-god supremacy!—That this was the devoted place for such impious rites, Zala had become more and more convinced. For he perceived in the shadowy side of the cavern, and, at half its height, on the there smoothed surface, (so that none below could scale it!) a sort of balcony projection from the rock: and, within it, an open portal, very dark, as if leading from some subterraneous passage, whence the tyrant might issue, to enjoy the horrid spectacle.

Zala's conjectures were indeed too true.—And, that very night, he was designed to present the next human offering to the monster's eyes.—Only a week before, the son of a rich merchant, travelling from Bagdat to Azerbijan, had been seized, and immolated in this way; and it was on his half-eaten corpse, those cormorants were still at feast, whose cries and tearing claws were then sounding so dismally in the ear of Zala.

He gazed upwards, and around.—Escape was impossible; defence he had none; for the men who had borne him in his insensible state to the dungeon, had stripped him naked.

"What!" cried he, "is this to be the end of all my royal father's ambitions, for my manhood? of all my tender mother's anxious cares, from my infancy till now?—Is the life, my own vows have so fervently dedicated to bless his people when his eyes are sealed in death, to be closed here, in secret tortures, at the word of a lawless tyrant?—Oh, is this frame, which only this morning was pressed to the pure, and fond bosom of my wedded Laroneide,—is it to be torn, like offal; and my defenceless, indignant heart, made food for carrion birds!—Can such vain end of all, be, indeed, to terminate the existence of Haluko's son?"

While uttering this, in the paroxysm of his despair, he cast himself again on the earth; and, almost stunned from further thought, by the rapidity of his misfortune, and the certainty of his fate; he could neither address a prayer to the mercy of heaven, to save him if possible; nor to its justice, to avenge his innocent blood, on the heads of his murderers.—Thus was he lying, in a trance of utter hopelessness, when he became conscious to a circle of human beings, all at once standing round him. How they had entered the cavern, he could not have conceived; for no places for man's egress, excepting the inaccessible one in the balcony above, were visible; and no noise having preceded the appearance of these men, they seemed to have arisen like a mist about him. He scarcely re-opened his despair-closed eyes, to gaze on their horrid spectre-like forms; for all were clothed from head to foot in red enveloping garments; mitred, and black veiled; shewing they were priests of the impious, sanguinary, meditated scene; and he felt the grasp of their sinewy arms, on his. In short, holding him down prostrate on his back, they bound his wrists and ankles with strong leathern thongs, and placing another across the bottom of his waist, by means of too well-practised loops, staked him firmly to the

rocky floor with iron rivets.—He could not then, move a limb.—A similar strap was also bandaged athwart his forehead, and so fastened to the ground on each side, that his face remained perfectly exposed, without power to stir one way or other.—All this was performed in wordless silence, by the superstitious ruffians selected to these sacrifices; glad indeed to purchase the Houri paradise, by following even the bent of their own ruthless natures, in thus obeying the mysterious lord of their consciences, and of their lives.

Zala had found it vain to resist,—and now, with his eyes fixed upwards, as if they would penetrate the rocky vault, he felt the power awaken within him; to call, with the inward voice of the soul, upon the only invincible protector of man.—A glance had shewn him his intended doom.—Four large cages of the most ravenous birds, duly educated for the vampire sport of their master, and kept fasting for the nature of their duty, had been placed at certain distances round their prostrate victim, and were screaming and striking their beaks against the bars of their temporary prisons, impatient for the valve to be opened that was to loose them on their prey, A noise next sounded from the balcony above; and Zala beheld other men enter it, from the portal there, and place embroidered cushions on its rocky platform, with a golden bowl on one side, and a golden censer, ready for lighting, on the other. A cage was also brought in, and set there; containing one large white vulture, with a golden chain round its neck—When all these things were disposed, one of the men from the balcony, (he who had borne in the cage,) broke the general silence, and called aloud to those below.

"Depart, all of ye.—I alone am to watch here till the great Imaum come, to receive his worship in the sacrifice; and the talons of this consecrated bird, bring the eyes of the victim to his sacred feet!"—When the speaker ceased, all the rest bent their foreheads to the ground, and disappeared.—Zala heard him as if he heard him not; though the threatened orbs of vision, the very windows of the soul, had closed in instinctive shrinking from their doom, while all within him was summoning the spirit's vital strength to his breast, to sustain the expected agonies, as would become the grandson of Ghengis Khan.

D.

(To be concluded in our next.)

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

The following Letter has just reached us; and, as we are desirous to assist Mrs. Saveall in her anxious and important considerations on the subject of her enquiry, we offer her letter to the notice of our Correspondents; and shall be obliged by *their* attention to her wishes: at the same time we must state, that, unless we receive some early communications on the subject, we shall, in our next Number, offer our own sentiments to the attention of Mrs. Saveall, and all the other anxious mothers who honour our pages with their perusal, and our opinions with their attention.

We have taken the liberty to make (within brackets) a few corrections to Mr. Saveall's Phraseology; for which we solicit her pardon.

To the EDITOR of the LADIES' MONTHLY MUSEUM.

Old Gravel Lane, Wapping, Sep. 20, 1826.

SIR,

I AM in a most distressed situation; full of care, and maternal concerns. I have no advisers on whose judgment to depend. Six months ago, my dear Mr. Saveall, the most indulgent of husbands, the kindest of fathers, and the best of men, died after only a few days illness. He was, sir, a very Solomon in wisdom: poor man! he left all his property to me, and made me sole guardian of our children: a source of heavy care, indeed, to me; but a proof both of his affection and of his good sense: because you know, sir, no person so fit as a mother to overlook and direct the children; and no one so proper to enjoy the money as she who helped to earn it. Dick Sly, the lawyer, who drew the will, got fifty pounds for managing matters so well; and I gave the nurse and our porter Pat, a guinea each for witnessing it: so that I am sure all is right.—Well but, sir, my poor heart is ready to burst with trouble when I think of my irreproachable (irreparable) loss: and then my poor children—no father to protect and govern them.—Ah! sir, mine is a heavy loss: not but I will do my duty—and not be, like other widows, thinking more of second marriages than of present duties. No, no: never shall it be said that dear Mr. Saveall's children were neglected, and uneducated through their mother's neglect. Sooner than this should be the case, I would even sacrifice my own feelings of property, (propriety) and accept the offer which our neighbour Curtis made me last

week; and be content to be a wife, and even to obey, rather than the dear children should suffer through want of a father's care. But, sir, this may not be necessary if you will only give me your advice in this here matter. I was always, sir, ready to obey my poor husband, indulgent, dear, good man! for he never required any thing unreasonable; and he knew my mind so well that, to avoid quarrels, he never asked what I disliked. So you see just before he died, he said, "Nancy, don't fret: it is God's will.—Our friend Sly has made it all safe for you and the children. Don't grieve too much, or the poor children will lose both father and mother. After all is over, go with the girls to Brighton; and cheer up, Nanny, and make them clever and learned: and have them taught every thing." So you see, Mr. Editor, it is a duty both to the dead and to the living to make my children clever, and to teach them all the languages and all the sciences. As to the arts, I can't say much; for Eudosia is full of them; and she plays so many tricks that it is marvellous how natural it is to her; and even Julia does not seem to need much instruction in these things; for her uncle the other day said she was an artful little jade. So that the money can be saved for another purpose. And this sir, I assure you, is necessary, for the girls are very extravagant—And you see, sir, this place is a hideous place; and no chance of good matches for the girls here, so we are going to one of the West-end squares, or Mr. Cromwell's (Cornwall)-terrace, in the Regent's-park. So that, as Mr. Sadgrove, the broker, says, it will take a good bit of money; but then, the Miss Savealls must be brought up in proper style, and not habited (habituated) to the common talk of these Wapping ladies; but speak in the foreign tongue of the gentry.—Two of my sons are at school. One is to be an admiral, if there comes a good war again. His head is full of nothing but lunatick's (lunar) observations and quadrants: though I can never tell why a sailor need mind the sayings of mad people; and as to the quadrant, of which he is desparately fond, I think it a very dull place. "Well," says he, factiously (facetiously) enough, "never mind, mother, when I get at the quadrant, I shall be much nearer to the squares."—His master, Mr. Stock, to whom I told this saying of my dear boy, says it is a clear induction (indication) of ready wit. So that you see, sir, he makes improvements in his stu-

dies, for his master highly commands (commends) him. The second boy is with Mr. Perry, who, assured poor Saveall, that he could honestly (modestly) declare his system even superior to one Mr. Interrogative's, or Mr. Hamilton's.—Indeed, sir, he asserts that he will pledge his honour that his mode of teaching is so sure of success, that he can promise to make a scholar out of a boy without natural capaciousness (capacity); and there can be no doubt of this, because he prints it in all the papers: and when last Christmas, we gave our grand supper-party and ball, Mr. Perry set all the company in wonderment about the effects of his plan: insomuch that our neighbour Fitzgerald, whose boy was the biggest blockhead in our lane, was determined to try the school; and he says that Sam is grown a wonderful boy, and can count up figures, and is versed in the elements of languages and principles of things. Indeed, sir, it is but just to say Mr. Perry is a wonderful clever man; and he intends graciously (gratuitously) to give instruction to the masters of Eton, and Westminster, and Harrow, St. Paul's, and, in fact, all the publican's (public) schools in England; because, as he said, they were evidently all wrong! and did not understand the human facilities (faculties) nor the eloquence (developement) of their minds.—And, surely, sir, he must be right; for, as I said, at the last meeting of our book-club, in reply to Miss Sapience, is it probable that in all kinds of machinations (machinery) there should be such process of improvement, and not in the science of teaching? Steam-engines, said I, supersede hands; and power-looms multiply labour and the works of man, and is education to have no benefit from the growing spirit of the age? Yes, sir, I am sure a patent to save the use of birch on the one hand, and the fatigues of learning on the present plan, on the other, must be very praiseworthy. Every mother who thinks of her son's sufferings, tears, and frettings, will buy Mr. Perry's book, and bless God for so wonderful and ingenious a patent.

I feel quite certain that if Mr. Eldon should ever die, my dear boy will be one of the biggest scholars in the country, and fit to be made one of the judges, or even to be at the top of them all: and so I comfort myself that he will be done well for. Even now he shews great abilities—for when Betty spoiled the beef last week, he would not allow her to be turned away—for,

said he, "Mother, the laws administer justice without particularity, (partiality); and no person must be condemned without a fair hearing, and then only by his peers" (peers), and as Betty, he said, was ignorant, he allowed her to employ counsel, and as she was poor, he became her lawyer himself; and though the beef was quite raw, he yet proved by what he called pugilistic (syllogistic) arguments, that it was the fire, and not Betty, that was in fault: and so Betty blessed him a thousand times for his goodness and his great abilities. And I rejoiced that the loss of my beef discovered his ingenuousness (ingenuity). Eustace, my third boy, is with a clergyman in Essex, who assures me he has a peculiar tax (tact) in giving mechanical (mathematical) instruction, and will undertake to make my boy a—a—a wrangler at Cambridge. This, I am sure, sir, was his word; though I think that the bishops and masters down there ought to discourage all quarrelling, and teach the big boys there to be civil and good-mannered to each other. Such, sir, is my poor idea.

Forgive, sir, a mother's generality (garrulity) respecting her sons, destined to be the ornaments of society, the benefactors of their country, and the happiness of their mother's declining years. But, sir, it is my poor daughters who excite all my anxiety and care. The boys I leave to their masters, and as I never object to any charge in the quarter's bills, so I feel assured my sons will never want attention nor improvement. But as a woman, and as you may see, by no means an unlearned one too, I am particularly desirous to superintend the education of my girls. Poor Saveall used to say he knew no woman who had more experiment (experience) than I had: and though, sir, I do not generally like self-praise, yet it is only truth to say that when the misery-cordial (misericordia) society was established by our Rector's wife, all the committee declared me the most properst person to be secretary, and to write letters to the great ladies at the west-end, to subscribe their names and subscriptions: and so I did; and my drawer is now full of letters with big seals, with crownets (coronets) on them.—And it is no disgrace now to say that, after the children were a-bed, and the girls from the school had got the stockings to darn, I was accustomed to make out my dear Saveall's bills: and many's-a-time the young men from Mr. Lloyd's, at the Change, said, they

were sure they were written out by a lady; they were so neat and so regular. But, Mr. Editor, I must not tire you: well, well, then, the girls are now in want of a lady-governess; and as I saw a very beautiful Essay on Female Education in your magazine, I suppose you understand all about it, and I wish you to tell me what kind of a governess she must be.—The quality, I am told, never hire English women; and my daughters are both determined that she must be either a Persian (Parisian) or a Switch (Swiss). Last week, I advertized in the Morning-Post, and the multitude of applicants have fairly bewildered me. Beside, sir, they cannot talk our language; and Eudosia says she don't like to talk with natives, because she don't know the idiots (idioms) and persaology (phraseology) of the foreign tongue. So I got Mr. Tibbs, the mate of the King George, who goes in the steam ships to Calais, and he told them all to put their qualifications in letters, and so here they all are. May I beg you to read them all over, and send me word, by the post, which is the lady who seems to have most sensibility (sense). Do you think, sir, it is necessary for girls to learn Italics? (Italian). Camilla and Eudosia both declare that all fashionable people learn it in order to understand the sunsets (sonnets) of one Mr. Plutarch (Petrach); and Julia says that Mr. Scroggins, the landlord of the Three Jolly Sailors, has a Latin master for Miss Theodosia Scroggins; and even old Jilks, who keeps the marine-store shop, in Red-cow-alley, close by, has a posture-master for Miss Alexandrina. Besides, sir, it was mentioned at Mr. Tibbett's last card-party, that one of the great bishops had written a book to tell how all the old women at Durham had taken to read Hebrew in the original: and so my dear Eudosia wants a lection (lexion) and a bible, as neighbour Isaacs promises to teach her the holy language, on condition that we don't sell the old clothes to no one but his man.

Now, Mr. Editor, I have told you all about this affair, and I hope you will not delay sending me word what is your advice. My daughters think me very presuming in writing to you: but I say, no; because it shews my confidence in your wisdom. Beside, sir, I always send up to Threadneedle-street for your magazine every month: and I assure you, my daughters and Miss Phelps, our mantua-maker, says, your Fashions are the best; and so they always follow them so precisely as 'tis quite

beautiful. It used to give my dear Saveall honest joy to see all eyes turned on our daughters as they went to church; and our new Curate, every body says, looks more to our pew than to any other; so that when the new governess gives them all the foreign education, and Mr. Lightfoot teaches them all the new walnuts, (waltzes) and Mrs. Vestris fits on the new corsets, I really do not think (pardon a mother's particularity, (partiality), that no nobleman in the land will be too good for the Miss Savealls, considering that they have each £5000 in the Bank. I ought, sir, to say how beautiful is the picture in this month's Museum: we are all delighted with it, and think it over much preferable to those theatre people you generally have.—And all that was said about us women, in your review, was very good; and, I am sure, very true. I have bought the poetry book in red covers; which has wonderfully pleased the girls.—And you have said you will say some more about us.—Do say it soon, for we are burning with desire to know what it is about. Please, sir, to pardon my boldness, and write quickly to

Your constant reader,

ANN SAVEALL.

METHOD OF HORSE-RACING IN ITALY.

THE horses there run without riders, and to urge them on, little balls with sharp points in them are hung to their sides, which, when the horse is employed in the race, act like spurs; they have also pieces of tin-foil fastened on their hinder parts, which, as the animals proceed, make a loud rattling noise, and frighten them forward. A gun is fired when they are to start, that preparations may be made to receive them at the farther end: when they have run half way, another gun is fired, and a third when they arrive at the goal. To ascertain without dispute, which wins the race, a thread, dipped in red-lead, is stretched across the winning-posts, which the victor breaking, receives a red mark on the chest, and this mark is decisive. A number of soldiers are appointed to guard the course from one end to the other.

OCTOBER.

OCTOBER is to London what April is to the country; it is the spring of the London summer, when the hopes of the shopkeeper begin to bud forth, and he lays aside the insupportable labour of having nothing to do, for the delightful leisure of preparing to be in a perpetual bustle. During the last month or two he has been strenuously endeavouring to persuade himself that the Steyne at Brighton is as healthy as Bond-street; the *pave* of Pall Mall no more picturesque than the Pantiles of Tunbridge Wells; and winning a prize at one-card-loo at Margate as piquant a process as serving a customer to the same amount of profit. But now that the time is returned when "business" must again be attended to, he discards with contempt all such mischievous heresies, and re-embraces the only orthodox faith of a London shopkeeper—that London and his shop are the true "beauteous and sublime" of human life. In fact, "now is the winter of his discontent" (that is to say, what other people call summer) "made glorious summer" by the near approach of winter; and all the wit he is master of is put in requisition, to devise the means of proving that every thing he has offered to "his friends the public," up to this particular period, has become worse than obsolete. Accordingly, now are those poets of the shopkeepers, the inventors of patterns, "perplexed in the extreme:" since, unless they can produce a something which shall necessarily supersede all their previous productions, their occupation's gone.

It is the same with all other caterers for the public taste; even the literary ones. The manager of the drama, "ever anxious to contribute to the amusement of his liberal patrons, the public," is already busied in sowing the seeds of a New Tragedy, two Operatic Romances, three Grand Romantic Melo-dramas, and half a dozen Farces, in the fertile soil of these *poets* whom he employs in each of these departments respectively; while each of the London publishers is projecting a new "periodical," to appear on the first of January next; that which he started on the first of *last* January having, of course, died of old age ere this?

As to the external appearance of London this month, the East end of it shows symptoms of reviving animation, after the two months' trance which the absence of its citizens had cast over it; and Cheapside, although it cannot boast of being absolutely

impassable, is sufficiently crowded to create hopes in its inhabitants that it soon will be.

But the West end is as melancholy as the want of that which ever makes it otherwise can render it; for the fashionables, though it is more than a month since they retired from the fatiguing activity of a London winter in July, to the still more fatiguing repose of an October summer in the country, pertinaciously refuse themselves permission to return to the lesser evil of the two, till they have partaken of the greater to such a degree of repletion, as to make them fancy, when the former is on the point of being restored to them, that it is none at all: thus making each re-act upon the other, until, to their enfeebled and diseased imaginations, "nothing is but what is not;" and being in London, they sigh for the country; and in the country for London.

But has London no one positive merit in October, then? Yes; one it has, which half redeems all its delinquencies. In October, fires have fairly gained possession of their places, and even greet us on coming down to breakfast in the morning. Of all the discomforts of that most comfortless period of the London year which is neither winter nor summer, the most unequivocal is that of its being too cold to be without a fire, and not cold enough to have one. At a season of this kind, to enter an English sitting-room, the very ideal of snugness and comfort in all other respects, but with a great gaping hiatus in one side of it, which makes it look like a pleasant face deprived of its best feature, is not to be thought of without feeling chilly. And as to filling up the deficiency by a set of polished fire-irons, standing sentry beside a pile of dead coals imprisoned behind a row of glittering bars,—this, instead of mending the matter, makes it worse; inasmuch as it is better to look into an empty coffin, than to see the dead face of a friend in it. At the season in question, especially in the evening, one feels in a perpetual perplexity, whether to go out or stay at home; sit down or walk about: read, write, cast accounts, or call for the candle and go to bed. But let the fire be lighted, and all uncertainty is at an end, and we (or even one) may do any or all of these with equal satisfaction. In short, light but the fire, and you bring the winter in at once; and what are twenty summers, with all their sunshine (when they are gone), to one winter with its indoor sunshine of a sea-coal fire?

Mirror of the Month.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

NOVELS.

THE PROPHETESS; a Tale of the last Century, in Italy. 3 vols. 12mo.
Edinburgh. 1826.

"The modern Athens," whether assumed or imposed, as a cognomen of the Caledonian capital, is certainly not altogether an unsuitable designation. To what circumstances it is attributable, we shall not now enquire, but the fact is indisputable, that "our gude City of Edinburgh" is not more distinguished by its improvement in architectural beauty, than for its rapid advancement in literature and science. The various works that have issued from the Scottish press, whether original or reprints, would do honour to any nation; and it gives us pleasure to assert that "The Prophetess" is not likely to tarnish its well-earned fame. The story is exceedingly simple. The heroine is a Miss Leonard, the only surviving child of an Irish gentleman of large fortune, married to an Italian Duchess, his second wife; under whose influence he is induced to neglect his daughter. Miss Leonard, for her own subsistence, and that of two orphan nephews, is obliged to depend on the productions of her pencil. Her taste for drawing, and the improvement of her natural talents by intense application, and by the study of the great masters of the art, enable her, with occasional and casual assistance from her father, to secure, not only a maintenance for her little family, but a respectable and comfortable home, with the advantages of good education for her nephews. During many years, nothing of uncommon occurrence takes place: but an accidental rencontre with an Italian banditti, in which Miss Leonard, her nephews, and a nobleman's family, are involved, serves, at length, as a fit occasion to display her nephews' heroism, and to secure the good opinion and patronage of the rescued nobleman: who, out of gratitude for his preservation, seeks to effect a reconciliation between Miss Leonard and her father. The interest of the story does not become strong until we arrive at the second volume; and it is here that we first learn the appropriateness of the title of the book, and become introduced to "The Prophetess." She appears in the person of a distracted maniac, whom bereavement had deprived of her reason; and who, in a casual interview with a friend of Miss Leonard's, warns her of some dark machinations against the peace and life of herself and nephews, on the part of her father's wife, prophesying also the death of the father himself. Things fall out exactly as Bellina foretold. Mr. Leonard dies; and a charge of fraud being manufactured against his grandsons, at the instigation of his widow, to whom all his estates are left, in case of the young men's decease, Miss Leonard falls an instant victim

to the imputation on their integrity—dying suddenly, overwhelmed with astonishment and grief. A series of events unfolds the guilt of the Countess, and of Neroni, her paramour and her accomplice, and vindicates, most satisfactorily, the innocence of the young men. The nobleman, whose family they had rescued from the banditti, and Mr. Fitzallan, a friend of their aunt's, successfully unite in the detection and punishment of the guilty.—Ormond is set at liberty; but Leonard, having been secretly seized and sold to the Barbary pirates, is only recovered after infinite trouble, and some delay. At the winding up of the tale, it turns out that Leonard was the son, and not the nephew, of the supposed Miss Leonard; who, it appears, had contracted a private marriage with a Mr. Maurice, who going to India, their intercourse with each other was interrupted by the duplicity and treachery of those by whom she was surrounded. As the documents which would prove her marriage were mislaid, Miss Leonard never avowed it, and she died lamented only as the young man's aunt. After some time, his father returns to Europe, and, through Mr. Fitzallan, is made known to his son, who, soon after his recognition, marries Miss Fitzallan's daughter, Matilda; and Ormond, enriched by the estates of his grandfather, marries the daughter of Lord Thorncliff, the rescued nobleman. Such is a brief outline of the plot, which is managed with considerable skill, though with some prolixity.

We will now speak of its merits more particularly: The first volume might, with propriety, be called a topographical Tour through a great part of Italy: a tour, by which we are frequently reminded of that of the classic and elegant Eustace. The descriptions of Italian scenery, and the minute details of the present and former state of the "Eternal City," and its neighbouring country, betray the author to be one long accustomed to tread its hallowed ground, and whose mind is well stored with all its ancient lore. We cannot but feel an interest and a sympathy with all the party in their feelings, as here described, whilst they survey those monuments of former magnificence and grandeur which testify to the truth of history, and proclaim the splendour and the extent of "the City of Kings." Who can walk into the Forum, and the Campus Martius, and not recal to recollection the circumstances and the events, of which they were the theatres? and who, reflecting on these events, can fail to read in them a lesson to the present generation? History will, in vain, unfold her ample page to our observation, if the errors and the misfortunes of former ages do not serve as beacons to warn the present, from that course of conduct by which the happiness and the glory, the triumphs and the power, of other nations, have been obscured and dissipated.

It is only justice to the author to state, also, that his delineations of national character are accurate, even to a fault. It would be a curious, but not an uninteresting speculation, to trace the peculiarities of national manners, opinions, and conduct, to their source, and to investigate, by

what accidental circumstances the character of nations, as well as of individuals, are determined. In this enquiry, the second volume of the work before us would be eminently useful; and we consider that its tedium would be relieved, and its elucidation be materially furthered, by the delineations of our author, which evince an accuracy of discernment, and a truth of colouring, philosophically correct, and peculiarly striking.

The second volume surpasses the first, in deep interest; the narrative is one of continued enchantment: it surprises, and it seizes on the readers' heart, and holds the attention in a state of anxious suspense, waiting for the winding-up of the story, and increasing in painful interest as it proceeds. The third volume breaks the thread of the main history, and transports us to Africa, where Leonard is detained in a state of captivity. This portion of the work is tedious; detaining us, unnecessarily long, from the leading story, and leaving the mind in a state of painful suspense, at the very moment when our curiosity and anxiety are most strongly excited. In the next edition we would recommend a condensation of the first and third volumes, by which the interest of the story would, we apprehend, be materially increased, and its popularity, as a work of acknowledged merit, be effectually secured.

EDUCATION.

SKETCHES OF THE INSTITUTIONS, AND DOMESTIC MANNERS, OF THE ROMANS. London. 1826.

Every scholar is familiarly acquainted with the *ROMAN ANTIQUITIES* of the late Dr. Adam. The learning, research, and extensive knowledge, which it displays, almost exceed credibility. Yet with all its merit, the "Antiquities" was a heavy work; calculated only for occasional reference, and for university students. An attempt, by Sir Richard Phillips, to introduce, under the name of Johnson, a superficial and very defective work on the same subject, has but partially succeeded. There was, therefore, ample room for the present volume. Nothing, of any repute, preoccupied the ground: and it is but just to say, that it is of the very character and nature of that which the world had long wanted; and that, moreover, the merit of its execution is equal to the want which it has supplied. We consider, however, the absence of references to the original authorities, as a very great defect. Adam has overburdened his work with minute references,—but so many as would have given a character of authority to all the principal statements of the author, and have afforded the scholar an opportunity of verifying their accuracy, were absolutely necessary. Not, however, that this volume is entirely destitute of such references, but they are given far too sparingly.

We ought to observe, that these sketches are scrupulously delicate, and that, being thrown into chapters, and embodying, in each chapter, all the needful information on the subjects discussed, they are well suited for general reading, as well as occasional reference.

POETRY.

THE PARTERRE, and other Poems; by Jane Evans. Dublin. 1826.—The harp of Erin has been strung to many a sweet and tender lay. Its chords have vibrated to the tenderest passions, and given utterance to the best feelings, of our nature; they have fired the breast of patriotism, and soothed the soul of melancholy; they have, moreover, lulled the pains of love, and stilled the restlessness of jealousy.—The works of Goldsmith and Moore, have immortalized their country not less than the plains of Waterloo. "The Deserted Village" of the one, and the "Melodies" of the other, will descend to the latest posterity, with not less of admiration than the triumphs of conquest and the exploits of heroism. Ireland is yet fruitful in genius and talent. It is the land of song; and sweet are its silvery tones. We are not now called upon to say how far the modern school of poetry excels, or falls below, the standard of former talent and excellence. It has struck out a new path of glory for itself; we do not think it always a successful one. We shall never prefer the irregular verse of Scott or Byron, Southey or Wordsworth, to the majestic grandeur of Milton, or the smooth and easy flow of Pope and Goldsmith. Yet are there gradations of merit. Among the minor poets, really such, we place the author of this volume. She is an enthusiastic lover and admirer of nature, and seeks to find in her ample page, matter of elegant amusement, chaste pleasure, and refined enjoyment. The reflections of the pious Hervey in a Flower Garden, can never fail to interest the heart of every unsophisticated child of nature; and Cowper, the sweetest of earthly minstrels, has sung the "Garden"

"With chaste expression, song almost divine."

Nor will the moral muse blush to own Miss Evans as one of her most enthusiastic votaries. She has thus elegantly expressed her opinion of the mode of conducting her undertaking, and we feel it due to her merit to say that she has most successfully filled up the outline which her own good sense and delicacy of taste had thus correctly sketched.

Pure as the azure drapery above,
Chaste as the holy sentiment of love,
Clear as the dew seen on the upland lawn,
Be every flow'ret in description drawn;
And ere expression utters thought to sight,
Let judgment's nice correction point it right;
Taste with true feeling, the fair theme pursue,
Nor barter sense in chase of something new.

The principal poem is divided into four books—the Terrace—the Rose—the Garland—and the Green-House;—and each of these is treated with a delicacy of feeling, truth of colouring, and propriety of simile, highly honourable to the taste and judgment of the author. It is a difficult thing, when we give indulgence to the exuberance of fancy, and luxuriate in the imagery of a poetic mind, to prevent excess. We too often carry

on the comparison or simile, till, forsaking the broader points of resemblance, we so attenuate it, that it becomes puerile and weak. This is the error of young or fanciful poets, whose imagination outruns their judgment. Of this error these poems exhibit less than could have been expected, where comparison, or rather simile, is their whole business. The world is the garden, and every character a flower.—In proof of the propriety of our praise, we have, in our walks through this delightful parterre, plucked some of its choicest flowers and woven them with others, both choice and rare, as an Apollonian Wreath, destined to adorn this month's Museum, and offered to our readers as a votive and grateful chaplet.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE GENIUS AND DESIGN OF THE DOMESTIC CONSTITUTION; by Christopher Anderson. Edinburgh. 1826.—The author of this volume, as we learn from the preface, is a man of many sorrows. Affliction is a good school, wherein to learn the nature of our duty, and, by wholesome discipline, to be trained to its fulfilment. No duties are, confessedly, more important than those of the family; society is but a circle somewhat more extended than that of home: "Persons," says Howe, "are elements of families; families are the elements of which both churches, and kingdoms, or commonwealths, are composed and made up."

We are decidedly of our author's opinion, that the original design of the Domestic Constitution gave an arbitrary and unlimited power to the parental character; and that this enlarged power was vested in the head of the family for wise, salutary, and even benevolent purposes. But we yet fear that in the present state of society that power would, in its uncontrolled exercise, be found a most intolerable tyranny. If, indeed, we could find the exercise of parental influence exerted rather in the prevention than the punishment of crime, the case would be altered. But how few parents can, amid the multiplied cares and business of this world, give the needful time and attention to the formation of character in their offspring? and how much more limited still is the number of those qualified to direct and form the infant mind? We are no admirers of the late Mr. Edgeworth's system; we think it perfectly chimerical; but we still think that there is very much in the power of a judicious parent. Mr. Babington's work on Early Discipline is an invaluable little treatise; and we would desire to see it in every family bookcase. It lays the foundation of that moral system of mental discipline, essential to the welfare and happiness of man. Mr. Anderson's work is built on the same principles, and is, in fact, the same system, only carried to a greater extent, and built on a somewhat different view of the extent and power of the domestic government. Without pledging ourselves to the vindication of every proposition in this work, we yet concede to it our general approbation; and cannot but express our decided opinion of its useful tendency and respectable character.

PRACTICAL WISDOM, or the MANUAL OF LIFE. London. 12mo.—This volume cannot fail to find favour with the public without our commendation; and yet we should be really sorry not to add our feeble testimony to its worth and merit. It contains the counsels of eminent men to their children; and when we mention that it comprises those of Sir Walter Raleigh, Lord Burleigh, Sir Henry Sidney, Earl of Stafford, Francis Osborne, Sir Matthew Hale, Earl of Bedford, William Penn, and Benjamin Franklin, we have said enough to procure a ready and prompt addition to the family library. In reading over the names of the illustrious writers, whose counsels are here unitedly offered to our notice, there are some on which the mind cannot but pause to recollect their virtues and their sufferings. Sir Walter Raleigh, and the Earl of Stafford, will ever remain the monuments of the faithlessness of princes, and of the uncertainty which attaches to human prosperity. Our limits, however, admonish us not to enter on so interesting and so extensive a field of discussion; we shall, therefore, but observe, that the Biographical Notices and Notes render this Manual a most valuable and acceptable present to the youth of both sexes.

THE ART OF EMPLOYING TIME TO THE GREATEST ADVANTAGE, THE TRUE SOURCE OF HAPPINESS. London. Colburne.—The present volume has, for some weeks, been lying before us; to our sad mortification and disappointment. Our time is, necessarily, so occupied by pressing engagements, that we have little leisure to employ on merely pleasureable pursuits; and yet here was offered to our consideration the art of extracting happiness and profit from that which, to our ignorant minds, had often proved a source of weariness and care. By a vigorous effort we have snatched just sufficient leisure to study the elements of the art here discovered. It consists in generalizing our opinions on every subject, and reducing them to an artificial classification of primitive ideas. This is not a new theory; but it is too artificial ever to be practical. There are many ingenious and sound remarks in the volume; but there are also many impracticable and even absurd systematizations (if we may use the word) in it to please us. Like artificial systems of mnemoics, the simple facts are more easily retained in the memory, than the uncouth barbarisms which are intended as aids to its imperfection and want of tenacity.

We have said that this volume contains many important and sensible observations; and it is in isolated or detached passages that its value consists. As a system, it is truly absurd and fanciful; but in the justness of its sentiments, and the occasionally appropriate expression of them, we find much to commend. We leave our readers to infer our opinion of the book as a whole, from what we have said, rather than pledge ourselves to any definite judgment of its merits, where there is so much both to commend and to disapprove.

Intelligence relative to Literature and the Arts.

Monthly Newspaper, or Register.—The first specimen of a periodical publication of this kind, has recently appeared in Edinburgh, in a duodecimo form, of above forty pages. In arrangement it resembles the Annual Register; and in order to be sold at a cheap rate, is rather poor in paper and typographical execution. It is called the Monthly Reporter.

The Rev. John Mitford has nearly ready for publication, a volume of devotional poetry, entitled, "Sacred Specimens, selected from the early English Poets, with Prefatory Verses." The work will contain extracts on religious subjects from many scarce publications, commencing from the year 1565.

Mr. Jefferson.—The MSS. left by the late President in a condition prepared for publication, are said to be, a Memoir of his own Life and Times, three volumes of Anas, and twelve or fifteen of Correspondence.

The Amulet, or Christian and Literary Remembrancer, for the year 1827, is announced for immediate publication, embellished by twelve fine engravings. The literary portion of the work, will consist of a hundred original Tales, Essays, and Poems. Every exertion, we are informed, has been used to render the volume worthy of the advanced state of literature and the arts.

Mr. Sharon Turner's New History of the Reign of Henry VIII. is now nearly ready. It will form the first part of the Modern History of England.

Major Denham, the enterprising and successful explorer of Central Africa, has arrived in Paris from Vienna. A second edition of his admirable work upon that hitherto nearly unknown quarter of the globe, will appear, we understand, in the course of the present month, in 8vo. A German translation is now in the press at Weimar, and the public will be pleased to learn that a French translation is also in progress.

Sketches of Ireland, descriptive of unnoticed districts,—Ten Weeks in Munster,—Three Weeks in Donegal, are announced by Messrs. Curry, and Co. of Dublin.

The Cabinet Lawyer, a small pocket volume, being a digest of our Laws, &c. is in the press.

Ornithology.—We have seen the Prospectus of Illustrations of this Science by Sir William Jardine, bart., and M. Selby, with the co-operation of M. Bicheno, Mr. Children, Dr. Horsfield, Mr. Jameson, General Hardwicke, M. Vigers, and the late Sir Stamford Raffles.—The work will be published in quarterly parts, royal 4to. each part containing from fifteen to twenty plates. The first part will be ready for delivery on the 1st January, 1827.

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Fashionable Evening & Walking Dresses for Ladies

Invented by Miss Pierpoint, Edward Street, Portman Square.

Pub. Oct. 5, 1826, by Dean & Munday, Threadneedle Street.

THE
MIRROR OF FASHION
FOR OCTOBER, 1826.

EVENING DRESS.

EVENING dress of white net or muslin, with two flounces scalloped at the edge, and laid on in festoons, placed at a moderate distance from each other. The body *en gerbe*, ornamented with a trimming round the bust to correspond with the skirt. Sleeves short and full; on each shoulder a bow and ends terminating at the bottom of the sleeve. A gauze scarf confined on the top of the shoulder, forming a brace, with long ends on the left side. Necklace and ear-rings of pearls; white kid gloves; shoes of white satin.

WALKING DRESS.

A WALKING dress of rich *gros de Naples*, made moderately full, with two broad flounces of the same colour, pinked at the edge, placed a little above the hem, and the other above so as to touch the top of the flounce. The body high, with a pelerine of the same material, over which falls a colerette of muslin, trimmed with lace. The sleeves moderately full, finishing at the wrist with a *vandyke* or old English points. Hat of white *gros de Naples*, trimmed with scrolls and flowers gracefully disposed. Strings of the hat of broad striped riband.

HEAD-DRESS.—The most attractive head-dress for the present month, is formed by the introduction of a blue gauze handkerchief, which is tastefully arranged on the right side; on the left, the hair is drest in large bows with part of the gauze intermixed between; the whole brought forward to meet the front, which is drest in large curls sufficiently high to combine with the long hair parted on the left side.

These tasteful dresses were invented by MISS PIERPOINT, Edward-street, Portman-square; the head-dress by MR. COLLEY, Bishopsgate within.

GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

PELISSES of light-coloured gros de Naples have become very prevalent, since our last report. The newest are trimmed by a foliage ornament down the front, which is fastened close; a continuation of these leaves is spread over the bust, forming a kind of Brandenburgh ornament. The sleeves are made full, and are confined by bands at separate distances, all the way up the arm, till they nearly reach the shoulder. Pelerines of embroidered muslin, or of clear muslin, trimmed with lace, having long ends, are generally worn over all dresses for out-door costume. *Barège* scarfs, and Cachemire shawls, have now made their appearance; the latter are particularly admired for the variety and richness of their borders.

Among the novelties in the hat department, is an elegant marine bonnet of gros de Naples, of a lavender colour, shot with pink; it is ornamented with a *ruche* at the edge of the brim, composed of alternate divisions of pink and lavender-colour; the crown is ornamented in a similar manner, with a narrower *ruche*, in arcades; the bonnet is finished by bows of gauze riband, combining the two colours, chequered, placed between and above the arches. A carriage bonnet of a similar shape, but rather smaller, is composed of pink crape, beautifully ornamented with scrolls of pink satin, bouquets of roses, with their buds, white narcissus, double pink stocks, and white daisies. The capote bonnet is much admired for the promenade; also Leghorn hats, of a large size, and in the cottage shape. The latter have no trimming, except a band and strings of rich white figured riband. Many ladies bind their bonnets with a broad *bias* of satin, and these have very long and broad strings. White bonnets, of gros de Naples, are not large; they are in the cottage form, and when not trimmed with blond at the edge, a veil is usually worn with them.

Dresses of Italian net, are great favourites for morning costume; they are generally bordered with two scalloped flounces, finished at the border with a rouleau of satin, of some striking

colour, suitable to the dress. White dresses, with *barege* scarfs, continue in great request; the favourite mode of trimming consists of broad flounces, set on in festoons, and headed with a *ruche* of fine thread tulle. Some ladies wear dresses of India muslin, trimmed with three rows of tulle *ruches*, of a very broad kind, forming a very handsome ornament at the border; these dresses are made rather low, with the sleeves *en gigot*, and antique points of lace at the wrists.

Balls in the country, are pretty frequent, now that the heat of the weather has abated: the style of the dresses is very simple. They are often composed of coloured gauze, over white satin, and trimmed with three *ruches* of gauze, fastened on one side by an equal number of bows. A sash of white riband, variegated with the same colour as the dress, is brought over the shoulders and front of the bust, in bracers, and one end hangs down on each side. These beautiful dresses are also frequently worn by young ladies at evening parties. Coloured muslin and Italian crape dresses are in high estimation for friendly evening visits; the bodies are made square, with a drapery crossed over the front of the bust. Evening dresses of gauze, with blue satin stripes, are much admired; they are made rather low, especially on the shoulders, and the bust is finished, in front, with plume ornaments of blue satin, embroidered in narrow rouleaux. The border of the dress is trimmed with several narrow flounces, of the same material as the gown, the stripes going across the flounces. The sleeves are long, and ornamented at the top with a square epaulette: the sash is of blue satin riband, with long ends, richly fringed, and is tied on one side with a small rosette; the front of the sash is ornamented with a gold buckle.

Among the newest head-dresses are two *berêt* turbans; one composed of ethereal blue *crêpe lisse*, the other of white Japanese gauze; they are crossed over the crown in the form of a star, with white satin riband, and ornamented on one side with elegant plumage. Home cornettes are composed of yellow *tulle* and fine blond, ornamented with lilac riband; or white tulle and blond, trimmed with richly-shaded riband. For the theatre, the following head-dress is very becoming: it is of pink gauze, sprinkled over with small roses, and resembles both a cap and

small turban: on one temple, lying on the hair, is a rose and buds, of a damask tint. A home cap, of Grecian lace, is greatly admired: it is made in the newest style, high in front, the lace mingled with rosettes of blue gauze riband. Dress hats for evening parties, are of transparent white crape, ornamented with roses, mingled with young vine-leaves.

The most fashionable colours are, yellow, rose-colour, ethereal blue, lavender, and straw colours.

THE PARISIAN TOILET.

Paris, September, 15, 1826.

WALKING-DRESSES of light coloured lavender silk, are now very prevalent: they are generally fastened up the front with a double row of pink quilling, which is continued round the border of the dress, and confined in the centre with a double-wadded rouleau. The body is made tight to the bust, and surmounted with a quilled collar, corresponding with the border: the cuffs and epaulettes are ornamented in a similar manner. For the carriage, a white muslin robe is the favourite material; it is ornamented with three rows of bands, also of white muslin, and finished at the edge with scalloped trimming. The body is low, and the neck is covered with a habit shirt, having a double ruff reaching to the throat: over this elegant dress is worn a brace of blue and amber-coloured gros de Naples, finished at the edge with a full scalloped trimming; the sleeves are made full and long, with straps to correspond with the border of the dress, and are confined with gold bracelets. A dress of gros de Naples, the colour of a camel's-hair brown, trimmed with three rows of Scotch plaid, *en ruches*; and another dress of light coloured *barege*, trimmed with three flounces of the same material, the edges beautifully embroidered in jonquil *floize* silk; have just been finished for a lady of distinction, in the fashionable world.

Hats of gros de Naples are usually trimmed with broad bias folds, of various materials, bordered with a rouleau of satin,

sometimes of a different colour: these folds are disposed in arches, and between each is placed a full-blown flower. Yellow and white, and green and white, compose the trimmings of hats, ornamented with flowers, or bouquets of plumes. The ribands are generally shaded. The ornaments of hats are now placed very high, and on the middle of the hat. The brims become smaller every day; no doubt, as autumn has made its appearance, our fashionables wish to habituate themselves, by degrees, to the return of the small borders which are so generally adopted in winter. White hats, even those of rice straw, are trimmed with coloured ribands, either shaded or quadrilled. The capotes prevail over all other kinds of hats. Their round brims, a little lowered on the side, give an air of simplicity, which is very becoming to young and handsome faces, particularly in the morning; on the other hand, by means of a small veil, which shades the figure, what *irreparable outrages* may not be concealed? Thus the capotes are become the hats most esteemed for morning toilets: we need not indicate the particular stuff for these sorts of hats: they are of every kind of tissue; of smooth gros de Naples, or quadrille; of gauze, crape, *barège*, *cote-pali*, &c. Provided you have a beautiful shape for the capote, no matter of what stuff it is made; you will have a hat of the first fashion.

For evening dress, we have greatly admired a Grecian tunic of light blue gros de Naples, over a frock of white muslin: the border is trimmed with a rouleau of Organdy, ornamented with tulle: the body is made half-high, and the tunic forms a stomacher and brace, by confining it on the top of the shoulder with long sleeves of white muslin, edged with tulle, and confined at the wristbands with gold bracelets. A broad sash encircles the waist, the bow and ends of which are placed on the left side. A gauze turban, corresponding in colour with the tunic, and fastened at the right ear with bow and ends, completes this charming dress. A petticoat of gros de Naples, of a plaid pattern, or with large stripes, to which is attached a small corsage of satin, or white gros de Naples, above a *canezon* of tulle, or embroidered muslin. Such are the prettiest costumes which we have lately seen. The most beautiful embroideries on tulle are remarked on scarfs of this stuff. A rich garland borders

the two sides, and the palms or immense bouquets which are placed at the bottom, are of a richness of work which produces a charming effect.

In full dress, many ladies wear a kind of cap without a caul, which may, more properly, be called a coronet of feathers. These feathers are sewn on a yellow riband, and are of lilac, green, and *ponceau* colours; they are formed into a head-dress, and separated by four rosettes of riband of different colours. The *toques* and *bêrets* worn at places of public amusement, are light and elegant. Small caps are also in favour, and the ribands that ornament them are tastefully disposed. *Canazous*, scarfs, and pelerines, form the chief out-door coverings, but Cachemire shawls are beginning to resume their wonted sway.

The favourite colours are, lavender, blue, rose, jonquil, and green.

The following hints, extracted from the "Art of Beauty," lately published, will, it is hoped, prove acceptable to some of our fair readers.

"WOMEN should not only adopt such colours as are suited to their complexion, but they ought, likewise, to take care that the different colours which they admit in the various parts of their dress, agree perfectly together. It is in this that we distinguish women of taste; but how many are there that pay no attention to this essential point: we meet every day, for instance, women who have a rose-coloured hat and a crimson shawl. Nothing is more harsh than the contrast of colours of the same kind. If to these be added, as is sometimes observed, a light blue robe, the caricature is complete."

"We must not omit a very important observation, respecting the change of colours by light. A female may be dressed with exquisite taste, and appear charming in the day-time; but at night the affect is totally different, and this enchanting dress is quite eclipsed at the theatre, or at the ball. Another is charming at night; her taste is extolled. Delighted with this praise, she resolves to shew herself abroad, and her toilette is detestable. To what is this owing? to the choice, or the assortment of colours."

THE
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

THE ROSE;

FROM POEMS, BY JANE EVANS.

How aptly, woman we compare
To this choice flower of the parterre!
For sure there's magic in the charms
The heart of coldness that disarms,
Which langour's sickly sense can feel
Hath power to soothe, and sweets to heal.

In Woman's beamy eye there dwells
Unnumbered charms, unnumbered spells:
In woman's heart there's power to feel,
Which smiles or sighs alike reveal.
A look, a word, can full impart
The feelings of that open heart,
Which coldness and which sorrow know
Can various soothing powers bestow.

Yet woman! man's chief treasure, thou!
To thee his heart's best feelings bow;
Divested of each foible found,
Thy presence blesses all around:
Of pleasure's rapturous source 'tis known
Are those sweet smiles, so much thine own,
While thy chill frown that grief dispenses,
Which neither leaves him peace nor senses.
Soft as the evening dews that fall
On rose-bud, drooping o'er the wall,
Thy kindness pleasure can recal.
As thy mild, beamy eyes, impart
Soft transport to thy lover's heart,
Despite the thorn, say what they will,
The Rose, sweet Woman! thou art still:

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The sweetest flower the garden grows
Is the deep-tinted Cabbage-Rose,
Which ample, glowing, full-blown, sweet,
The village maiden's cheek may meet,
As round her cottage casement grows
Its rich, luxuriant flowers. This Rose,
Though fit to grace the fairest dome,
With choice perfume adorns her home;
Like her, of artless sweets possess'd,
'Tis meet to grace a monarch's breast;
Yet can this flower, when 'tis his choice,
The heart of rural swain rejoice:
To pleasant arbours grants its shade
And grows in every cultured glade;
Diffusing sweets and charms around,
In the lone garden's lowly ground,
Though flourishing in gay arcades,
And is the rose of village maids.
The faded, full-blown, Damask Rose,
A disappointed fair one shows:
In stripes 'tis flushed—now here, now there,
'Tis bleached, alas! by deep despair:
Nor sweetness can its leaves disclose,
A blight has faded this poor Rose.
Placid and modest, chaste, serene,
In the York Rose the maid is seen,
Who, true to love as unto heaven,
With heart and soul to sorrow given,
Felt disappointment's chillness steal
So deep, that she no more could feel.
That one lone chilling sorrow, sole
O'er every sense of pleasure stole,
And left her cheek as pale and white,
As her sunk heart of Hope's delight.
The flush of joy could ne'er return,
And this poor pallid flower must mourn.
One little Rose then yet remains
To grace the poet's artless strains,
The loveliest of all the rest,
Seeking to bless and to be blest:

A child of Venus, sure 'tis born—
'Tis love's own Rose, without the thorn—
Which grants its precious little boon
In the calm month of genial June.
And like a maid devoid of art,
Is open to the very heart.
Then should you through a garden rove,
With One who owns the power of love,
Just as his eager hand would seize
That flower which such a charm displays,
Oh ! warn him that his heart be free,
And bent for life on constancy ;
For should she find her hopes betrayed
The flower will droop, when sighs that maid.
While Man with one great fault is curst,
Born in him, and from cradle nursed :
In wise—in good—in subjects—kings,
'Tis from this fault each error springs—
Woman with sickly mind approves
What feeds the vanity she loves.
Passion ! ungoverned passions' sway,
Bears every better sense away,
O'erwhelms in its involving flood
The young, the bold, the just, the good,
And, like a storm of wintry wind,
Leaves not a trace of peace behind.
So drives yon bark with rapid force
Along wild waves, with baleful course,
Till midst the tempests' awful roar
"Tis wrecked upon the rocky shore.
Cast on the strand the fragments lie
To bear the waves and brave the sky.
Thus Man, in passion's storms is tossed,
Till sentiment and taste are lost ;
Devoid of feeling, life, and mind,
(So sear leaves in the eddying wind,
Are unresisting rolled, and far,)
Propelled by his impelling star,
Is cast on dire destruction's rock :
Should one, recovering from the shock—
Should, when the winds and waves are stayed,
Some hand assist with kindly aid—

Some voice, with wisdom's tone, and kind,
Support his step and calm his mind,
When cast thus lorn upon the shore,
From shipwreck and from ocean's roar,
Leading to cheering prospects, where
True Virtue blossoms amidst care—
(A contrast to the dismal scene
Where his chilled faculties have been)
Through glens and sheltered valleys green,
His wearied step and haggard thought
To gain that land so dearly bought,
That land where Gilead's holy flowers
Awaken Hope's renewing powers,
And lift the thoughts, and form the heart
To prize the treasures they impart,
Till pleasure every sense pervades,
'Midst Herman's dew, and Canaan's meads,
While Sharon's Roses intertwine
To make fair Nature's scene divine,
And joy and life-inspiring light
Prevail o'er murky storm and night.
Refreshing showers and cooling streams,
And all that man delightful names;
The leafy tree, the vocal grove,
All that invoke the heart to love,
Inspire his soul, and theme supply
A rapture to his beaming eye.

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STANZAS

TO ONE WHO WILL UNDERSTAND THEM.

We must part then, it seems,—we must part, and for ever—

Well, let it be so, since 'tis ordered by thee:

To forget thee, shall now be my only endeavour,

And my heart, so long captive, shall joy to be free.

Yes, yes, we *must* part,—'tis a painful reflection,

Yet 'tis duty commands—shall I dare disobey?—

Oh! no, for our friendship might light up affection,—

So I'll cast every thought of thee hence far away.

Perchance, could I find e'en one deed worth upbraiding,
I less might lament being doomed to forget;
But thy virtues still bloom in my soul, so unfading,
Thy loss I must ever,—yes, ever, regret.

But I must forget thee—forget thee for ever,
Nor dare to remember I called thee my friend;
Thy image and worth from my mem'ry I'll sever,
And the bonds which have held me so long I will rend.

Forget thee, but oh ! I can never forget thee,
'Tis easy to say what experience denies;
Through each scene of my life I must ever regret thee,
Thy virtues still cherish, thy image still prize.

Who can chain up the waves of the stupendous ocean ?
Who with arm that is mortal the hurricanes bind ?
Let them tear from its source the heart's fond devotion,
Let them conquer the sorrows of thought in the mind.

One fatal remembrance—one loved recollection,—
Nor wit, nor philosophy, e'er can control ;
No—the heart still retains all its madd'ning reflection,
While memory is left to illumine the soul.—

The tree may be planted in gardens more splendid,
And its beautiful blossoms on palaces shake,
But oh ! when its branches by nature are bended,
The bol ne'er is straitened, it sooner will break.

SOLITARY RECOLLECTIONS.

SPIRIT of peace! would I could take my flight,
And soar, unfettered, to the realms of light!
My soul is weary, and I daily sigh,
In death's long sleep to close my languid eye.
For what's the world to me ! a scene of woe ;
My shadow, sorrow lengthens as I go.
Even Hope, sweet flower, that grows in every soil,
Diffusing fragrance to the sons of toil,
Is lost to me; gilds not my darker doom ;
All, all is desolate, this side the tomb.
And yet, methinks, it once was fresh and gay,
And breathed its richness on thy thorny way ;
Though now 'tis crushed, and every tendril torn,
While o'er the fragments I am left to mourn.

MARIANNE.

STANZAS.

THE bright broad moon is struggling through
 The mists and clouds of mirky night;
 They partly screen her from our view,
 But cannot hide her beauteous light.

Queen of the nightly heav'n! thy beam
 Bursts through such flimsy bonds, and now
 I see thy lustre brightly stream
 On all the lovely scene below.

And such is virtue! though the world
 May spread it's cloud-like cares around;
 Though want and woe around be hurled,
 Still virtue will the same be found.

Brightened by suffering, still more clear
 Will virtue's lasting laurels bloom:
 Though dimmed on earth by sorrow's tear,
 'Twill triumph o'er life's closing tomb!

J. M. LACEY.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Essays by a Wife—H. H.—and Emma R.—'s—are received. At present we can say no more.

Will Jane be more explicit?

"The Curious Family" is too tame.—Its sentiments are just and rational; but the subject is become trite, and needs embellishment to render it interesting. It is left at the Publishers till called for.

"The Haunted Mine," will meet an early insertion. "The Heiress of the Priory" is received, and under consideration.

Charles M.—'s packet came safe to hand; its contents are various, and unequal in point of excellence.

H. is received.

We will endeavour to oblige "a Friend."

We beg to direct the attention of our Correspondents to a letter from a Mrs. Saveall, inserted in this month's Museum: we request their early consideration of its contents.

Friend Virgil will oblige us by a copy of his "Songs."—His poetical communication is accepted.

"The Tie Severed" is such prosaic poetry, if poetry it be, that we really doubt if we have read it aright. It has no signature; and we must consider it as a school-boy joke.

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Painted by J. Northcote, R.A.

Engraved by H.R. Cooke.

James Northcote, Esq., R.A.

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